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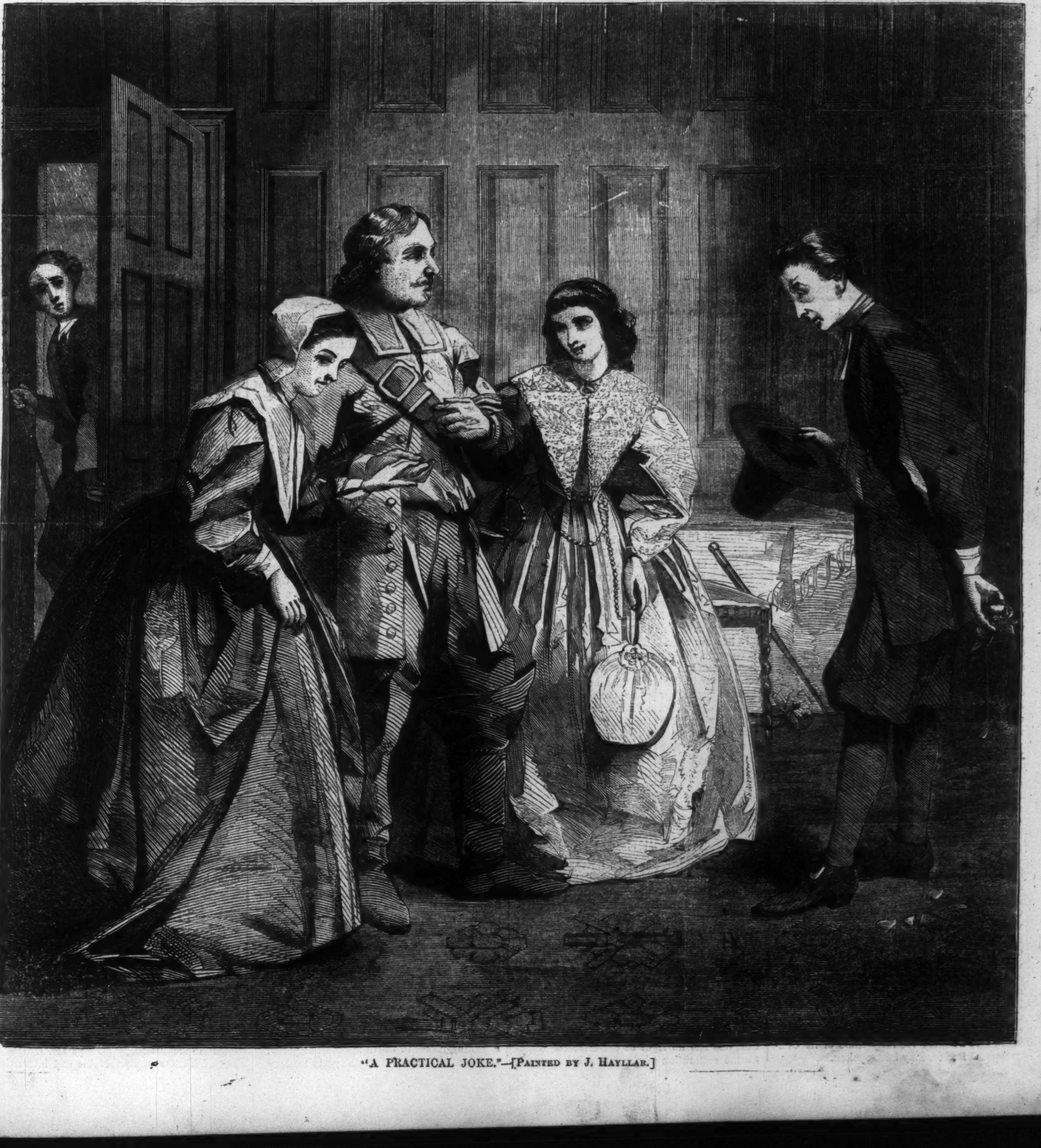
"A PRACTICAL JOKE."

The engraving which we give on this page is based on a story of Oliver Cromwell, which is thus quaintly told in Oldmixon's "History of England:"

"One of his (Oliver Cromwell's) domestick chaplains, Mr. Jeremy White, a sprightly man and a top Wit of his Court, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to Lady Frances, the Protector's youngest daughter. The young Lady did not discourage him; and this Piece of innocent Galantry in so religious a Court, cou'd not be carry'd on without spies. Oliver was told of it, and he was much concern'd at it, obliging the Person who told him to be on the Watch; and if he cou'd give him any substantial Proof, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punish'd. The spy followed the matter so close that he hunted Jerry White, as he was generally term'd, to the Lady's Chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector with this News. Oliver, in a rage, hastened thither himself, and going in hastily found Jerry on his Knees kissing the Lady's Hand, or having just kiss'd it. Cromwell, in a Fury, ask'd what was the Meaning of that Posture before his Daughter Frank? White, with a great deal of Presence of Mind, said, 'May it please your Highness, I have a long Time courted that young Gentlewoman there, my Lady's Woman, and cannot prevail; I was, therefore, humbly praying her Ladyship to intercede for me.' The Protector, turning to the young Woman, cry'd, 'What's the meaning of this, Hussey? Why do you refuse the Honour Mr. White wou'd do you? He is my Friend, and I expect you shou'd treat him as such.' My Lady's Woman, who desir'd nothing more, with a very low Courtesy reply'd, 'If Mr. White intends me that Honour, I shall not be against him.' 'Sayst thou so, my Lass,' cry'd Cromwell, 'call Goodwyn, this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the Room.' Mr. White was gone too far to go back. The Parson came. Jerry and my Lady's Woman were marry'd in Presence of the Protector, who gave her 500 Pounds for her Portion; and that,



"A PRACTICAL JOKE."—[Painted by J. Hayllar.]

with the Money she had sav'd before, made Mr. White easy in his Circumstances, except in one Thing, which was that be never lov'd his Wife, nor she him, tho' they liv'd together near fifty Years afterwards. I knew them both, and heard this Story told when Mrs. White was present, who did not contradict it, but own'd that there was something in it."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 14, 1866.

PROPOSALS FOR A NEW PARTY.

THE President and part of the Executive Committee of the National Union Club of Washington, in concert with two Democratic Senators, have issued proposals for a new party. They invite the assembly of a Convention in Philadelphia on the 14th of August, to consult upon the state of the Union. In their call these gentlemen state several principles upon which all patriotic men agree, and they omit several which are peculiar to the Union party. The proposals for the new party are plainly hostile to the action of Congress, which was elected by an enormous majority of the Union party, and may fairly be supposed to represent its views more faithfully than Senators Hendricks of Indiana and Nesmith of Oregon, who opposed that party last year at the polls, and who oppose its measures in Congress.

The effort to represent this call as virtually an act of the great Union party of the country is simply dishonest. Mr. Hendricks and Mr. Nesmith have never assumed to belong to that party. That party, moreover, has its organization and Executive Committee, and its Conventions are legitimately called only by that Committee. The officers of the National Union Club of Washington have exactly as much right to speak for the Democratic as for the Union party; and the fact that they have hitherto acted with the Union party only shows that they now consider themselves to have withdrawn from it; for why, otherwise, should they seek separate and independent action?

It is only against false pretenses that we wish to warn our readers. The gentlemen in question have an undoubted right to their opinions upon all subjects, and an equal right to call conventions of those who sympathize with them. If they are alarmed by a prospect of "usurpation" and "centralization of power" by the National Legislature, and are indifferent to the same danger from the Executive, they may not be very wise, but they have certainly a right to hold and express that view. But if we may judge from the resolutions of Union Conventions, from the speeches of successful Union candidates, from the almost unanimous tone of the Union press, and from the impressions of private intercourse with representative Union men, Congressional usurpation is not feared by the Union party; and to represent a Convention called under such an apprehension a movement for the readjustment of that party is a gross and dangerous misrepresentation. Such a Convention can be only a bridge by which those Union men who hold with Alexander H. Stephens that a State which has been in rebellion has "a continuing right" to resume its relations with the Union without delay or condition, may pass over to the camp in which Mr. Stephens's principles upon that subject prevail. But can Senator Doolittle, who signs the call, be supposed to speak the sentiments of the Union party in Wisconsin, whose Legislature, controlled by that party, has asked him to resign? Or does Senator Dixon speak for the Union men of Connecticut, who elected General Hawley Governor, and whose Legislature made General Terry Senator, and adopted—first of all the States—the Constitutional Amendment to which all the signers of this call are opposed?

The new party, if it is ever born, can not, of course, stand upon its own legs. It will be at once taken to the breast of the party which opposed the war for the Union, and which denounced Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Johnson as usurpers and tyrants, and it will be carried, helpless, wherever that party chooses. There will not be three parties in the coming Congressional elections; and even if the party of the Washington Club should attempt for a time to stand as a third, it could be only to the detriment of the Union party, not of the Copperheads. The contest will finally be between those who support the amendment and those who oppose it. Those who oppose it are the late rebels, not the Union men at the South, and our friends the Chicago Copperheads at the North. The members of the Washington Club party must join these, or they must vote with their old allies of the Union party. They may disable the latter, but they can not injure the former, and we should really like to know whether Mr. Randall and Senators Dixon and Doolittle sincerely believe that union and liberty, in this country, are safer in the hands of the late rebels and the opponents of the war than in those of the Union party, however unwise some of its measures may have been, and however foolishly some of its Congressional leaders may have spoken.

PRUSSIA, AUSTRIA, AND ITALY.

The great war now begun in Europe is, with the sole exception of the Italian part of it, as purely a war of political ambition as Europe has ever seen. We do not believe Louis Napoleon to be the only ambitious and able man in Europe, and therefore we do not hold him exclusively responsible. But doubtless the meeting of some months ago between Bismarck and Napoleon had a very significant bearing upon the present situation. If they had not both been ready and willing to make war the peace would not have been broken.

The treaty which settled the Schleswig-Holstein war was signed at Vienna on the 30th October, 1864. Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg were ceded by that treaty to the joint protectorate of Prussia and Austria. Within the year following Austria sold to Prussia her rights in Lauenburg for 2,500,000 thalers, and by the Convention of Gastein of August 15, 1865, it was agreed that the joint occupation should cease, Austria taking possession of Holstein and Prussia of Schleswig. Prussia then began to press Austria to yield her rights in Holstein, which Austria refused, and referred the question to the Federal Diet of Germany. This Prussia denounced as a violation of the Convention of Gastein, and prepared to march troops into Holstein to resume the joint occupation. Thereupon Austria moved in the Federal Diet that the Federal army be put upon a war footing, for the purpose of resisting the designs of Prussia. Prussia protested that such a decision would be a dissolution of the German Confederation, and that she should regard all the States that voted for the proposal as her enemies; but the motion was adopted by a vote of nine, including Austria, to six, including Prussia. The Austrian vote represents a population of about 14,000,000, excluding Austria herself, and the Prussian, excluding Prussia, about 3,000,000. Prussia accordingly declared the Germanic Confederation dissolved, and the semi-official papers announce that henceforth the States formerly composing it will be called the Middle European group of States. On the 15th of June Prussia entered Hanover and Saxony, and the war virtually began.

This is simply a quarrel of precedence between Prussia and Austria, which have always been rival powers in the Confederation, and as Austria has stood upon the defensive in the quarrel, and has offered to refer the difference to the decision of the Diet, her attitude toward Prussia commands the sympathy of all who feel that the Schleswig-Holstein question is not really a *casus belli*.

But it is not so with Italy. The Congress of Vienna, which was a reactionary conclave of kings, gave Venetia to Austria. But Venetia is Italian in language, tradition, and sympathy. It has been held only by the Austrian strong hand, and that hand has never been more odious than in its clutch upon Italy. The history of that country since the settlement of 1815 is a story of incessant plots and conspiracies—of fervent hopes betrayed and of noble men sacrificed by Austria. The best expression of this undying national feeling of Italy and its profound resolution to throw off the German yoke is found in various poems of Robert Browning. Its living impersonation is Joseph Mazzini. Later events have made Garibaldi its representative and Victor Emanuel its official leader. The fire and the force of Italy are now typified by these two men. To their call all the youth and ardor and hope of the peninsula respond. Under them an immense army is now organized and marshaled. Through their eyes Italy, wholly aroused, stands erect, and beholds in fervent expectation every inch of her soil freed from the foreigner. A day of such promise modern Italy has not seen. Thoroughly prepared for the struggle, she knows that Prussia and France are interested in her success, and that all generous hearts in the world wish her well. Austria is an anomalous power, the name of a most crushing despotism. From the old tradition of Gesler and Tell to the modern Metternich and Silvio Pellico she has been the enemy of liberty. She is now entering upon a vital struggle, and the hopes and wishes of constitutional freedom must be against her as Italy cries *Viva il re galantuomo! Viva Garibaldi!* and strikes for Italian independence and unity.

THE TRUE ISSUE.

As the political campaign for the Congressional elections opens it is essential to remember that the paramount question is still the reconstruction of the Union. The proposed tariff will be both vigorously attacked and defended within the lines of the Union party; but the tariff question, however vital to our prosperity when united, is necessarily secondary to that of Union itself. We have no right, therefore, to allow our feelings and convictions upon that subject to influence our action upon one which is more important. To vote for a candidate who is opposed to protection, or who is an absolute free-trader, but who thinks that Congress has no right to prescribe conditions for the restoration of the late rebel States to their full relations in the Union, is to prefer the lesser question to the greater. It is always possible to revise or repeal a tariff. But the conditions upon which reorganization is to be founded can neither be amended nor abolished.

The vital bond of the Union party is not financial but political. Those who hold with the *Tribune* for industrial protection, for instance, or with the *Evening Post* for industrial freedom, are both working together for certain great political results which can be achieved only by their faithful union. If, therefore, in any Union district the friends of the *Tribune* should say that they would vote only for a candidate who favored protection, and those of the *Post* that they would vote for a Copperhead rather than a Protectionist, they would give that district to the common enemy, and be responsible for the consequences.

Of course it is the duty of our friends in Congress to make our burdens of this kind light. They can not honorably forget that the Union party is neither a free trade nor a protective party. The heartiest Union men differ radically upon the tariff question. Whatever, therefore, by serious changes in the system, tends to excite feeling and acrimonious debate upon this subject tends to a division or paralysis of the party. Thus to increase the rate of duties so materially that they become virtually protective or prohibitive, and to pass the bill by a party vote, is, so far, to identify the policy of the Union party with protection, a policy which vast numbers of the party can not and will not support. Such an act is a stupendous political blunder.

But if Congress makes so gross a mistake it need not be repeated by the party itself. Every individual Union man should reflect that such an issue is not a party question, and while he would naturally prefer a Representative who sympathized with his views upon the subject, he must not forget that it is still better to take a candidate who is wrong upon the tariff than one who is wrong upon reconstruction. Our taxes must be high for many years to come. But we do not complain, because, we say, they are the price of our national unity. Let us then first certainly secure that unity, and then we can proceed to discuss how we may most easily pay the taxes.

A FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

That a proposal of the greatest public benefit should pass the Board of Councilmen of New York without a dissenting vote is a fact so astounding as to be incredible. Yet Councilman W. B. White, of the Sixth District, did introduce a resolution asking for the appointment of a joint committee of the Common Council to inquire into the feasibility of establishing a free circulating library in the city, and it was passed unanimously and went to the Aldermen, where it was referred to one of the standing committees. We sincerely hope that they will report favorably at the earliest moment, and that the committee will discover that the proposition is as feasible as it is sagacious.

There are five libraries in the city already. There is the Astor, which is for special consultation at the rooms. There is the Mercantile, which is for a certain class. There is the Society, which is for subscribers. There is the Historical, which is for students. There is also, we believe, the Mechanics', which is special. But there is not yet a circulating library of standard and current literature open free to the whole public; yet it is among the most valuable of institutions.

With wise energy the Board of Health is cleansing slums and sewers, and universally washing and purifying the city. The Sewerage Board is boring and grading and building, that the foul secretions of the great metropolis may be swept away. The Board of Police are patrolling and detecting and arresting and every where enforcing order and law. They are all of them in various ways physical Sanitary Boards, and their good results are incontestible. They tend not only to lengthen life but to lower the taxes, for cleanliness and order are always good economy.

Besides this, the city freely educates its children, and undoubtedly lightens its taxes by doing so. Nothing is so expensive as ignorance and vice. The great anxiety of society is the preparation of various police arrangements to guard and punish those who have not had a fair chance for their minds and bodies. Whatever helps to provide this chance is a distinct public benefit, and after free schools nothing does this more effectually than a free library. The practical working of such an institution is not a matter of theory but of experience. The Public Library of Boston—a noble collection of miscellaneous literature, including also the choice, scholarly collection of Theodore Parker, is incessantly and most widely used, and with what good result may be inferred. Thousands and thousands of good books are in constant circulation. When they are worn out they are replaced. There is also a reading-room, in which the current periodicals are to be found. And this great institution is managed without serious expense and with no trouble from riotous visitors.

The argument for a free public library in New York is contained in the suggestion itself. The root of our national safety is public intelligence, and the free school and the free library are among the most palpable and efficient opportunities of public education. A library makes readers, as a railway makes travel. When once Mr. White's proposition becomes an act, and the library is established, we shall all wonder that New York wanted it so long, and thank the wise Councilman for giving one redeeming grace to our municipal history.

IS OURS A VALID GOVERNMENT?

Those who demand that Jefferson Davis shall be tried, not for the purpose of securing his punishment but of obtaining a solemn decision of the Supreme Court upon the question of secession, do not seem to reflect that such a decision is not final. Another court acting upon another case can reverse it. Besides, there are but two questions upon the subject of secession; one of right, and the other of power. The nation, by a tremendous war, has settled both. Why should the matter be reopened before a bench of Judges?

The question of the right of secession is the question of the existence of the Union and of the Government. Does any body mean seriously to assert that the right of this Government to exist is a question for a court to decide? Is a decision of the Supreme Court the tenure of the Union? Suppose the court should solemnly decree that secession is constitutional. What then? Are we deliberately to submit to perish? Suppose it decides it to be unconstitutional. What then? Do we feel the Government to be any stronger? If it decides one way to-day, it may decide another to-morrow. Why should we fall to pieces by a decision which may be reversed? Why should we cohere subject to a decision of dissolution? In any conceivable view the judgment of a court upon a point which the nation has decided by the last resort is superfluous and impertinent.

Let the people of this country, however, once put it into the power of the Supreme Court or of any other tribunal to declare that the Constitution is a contract at will, and the Government will be inevitably overthrown by a judicial decision. The Supreme Court was prostituted to the basest partisan, political purpose in the Dred Scott case. Is the race of Taneys extinct? Alexander H. Stephens frankly tells us that he and his friends believe in the right of secession. Mr. Stephens is a conspicuous Democratic leader. Suppose his party comes into power and the Supreme bench changed by deaths and resignations. Would it be very strange if a case were arranged so as to secure a judgment of the court favorable to the claim of State sovereignty?

There could be no more suicidal folly than to commit the decision of the validity of our national existence to any court. Is it, indeed, an open question? Did we fight only that we might discover whether we had the right to fight? Is Grant yet to learn whether he was justified in his terrible and triumphant campaigns? Is every proud and sorrowing parent yet to hear whether his boy died in a holy or a wicked war? Yet if Davis be tried for treason the question must be argued and judged. He has a plea which no rebel against another Government could have—namely, that the organic law allowed him to become an alien, and consequently not liable as a traitor. Nor could his plea be overruled as irrelevant, for no student of our political history will deny that the very point which he would urge was purposely left obscure in the Constitution.

The remedy is obvious. It is not in the reversible decision of a court, but it is in the organic law as interpreted by the decision of the people. The Constitution was left purposely obscure by those who could not tell the precise strength of the dogma of State sovereignty. But that dogma has now appealed to the sword; and if the fathers doubted the children do not. They have routed that dogma and utterly destroyed it in the field. Let them now utterly destroy every pretense it may plead in the Constitution. Let the organic law declare that no State under any plea whatever shall secede, and it will matter little whether the late rebel States revoke or rescind or repeal or annul or declare void their acts of secession, or whether the Supreme Court decides that the Government has or has not a right to exist.

PLANTING FORESTS.

More than ninety-five per cent. of all the public domain of the United States is absolutely without trees, and the local demand will soon exhaust the groves of the new States. Yet without trees civilization stops. "Were the pine forests around the great lakes to be swept from the earth to-night, the prairie States would stop in their career of improvement as suddenly as did Lot's wife in her journey toward the mountains." So says Mr. Hutchinson of Kansas in his valuable and interesting paper read before the Association for the Promotion of Science and Art. He proposes to double the habitable and productive surface of the country by planting the treeless plains.

Mr. Donelly, Representative in Congress from Minnesota, has brought in a bill to encourage experiments in planting. It provides that 200,000 acres of public lands shall be granted to the Ottawa Indian University of Kansas on condition that they shall, within five years, plant at least 40,000,000 forest trees over an area of not less than 10,000 acres of public lands on the Great Plains. The House Committee on Public Lands have devoted themselves earnestly to the consideration of the practicability of this plan. Judge Edmonds, Commissioner of the Land Office, makes a long and full report, in which he professes full faith in the success of the experiment. Mr. Hutchinson is the business manager of the Ottawa University, and says that the work is already begun upon their grounds. The University has this year planted one bushel of apple-seed, nine bushels of Osage orange seeds—enough for 100 miles of hedge—20,000 deciduous trees, 50,000 evergreens, and many other seeds and cuttings. The Osage orange is considered the best tree with which to begin, because it grows very rapidly, is little affected by dry weather, and has a very thick top. Sycamore, elm, soft maple, and black walnut will flourish under its protection, and are, indeed, already growing somewhat 200 miles west of the Mississippi.

It is fully believed that the Great Plains were formerly covered with trees, and would be again except for that pestilent disturber and destroyer man. If he could be banished for a few years from the prairies, says Mr. Hutchinson, nature would soon cover them with forests. Man brings fire. He wishes to light his pipe, or boil his pot, or toast his toes, and a continent must be scourged for his accommodation. He drops a spark or a lighted match into the dry grass, and, presto! the fire is up and away for the Rocky Mountains. But where fire does not have a chance the spread and growth of trees astonish the old farmers. We wish Mr. Hutchinson had mentioned how the plains chanced to be treeless when they were first seen by historic men. Were they fired by pre-historic incendiaries?

The soil of the plains is deep and rich—if the grass annually decayed on the surface, the plains would be a vast nursery bed richer than any rose garden in Flushing—and it only lacks moisture. This would come with trees. To cut down the trees in a country is to dry up the springs. Mr. Marsh, from whom Mr. Hutchinson quotes, has amply illustrated this fact. We must have forests to regulate the climate and seasons; to improve barren soils; to shelter crops, herds, and fruits; to furnish abodes for insect-devouring birds. Earth loves the shaggy costume of the forest. If only animals, especially of the inventive and fire-bearing kind, like man, could be banished she would every where drape her smooth outline with this soft garb. Indeed, says Mr. Marsh, forests would spontaneously spring up in the deserts of Africa if animals and fire could be excluded.

Moreover, wherever the sweep of prairie fires has been limited, there is a steady increase of timber, and Sangamon County, in Illinois, is said to have more timber growing than thirty years ago. This is an illustration that the plains are not without hope. The proposition of Mr. Donelly, so cogently and forcibly supported by Mr. Hutchinson, is so promising to civilization that we hope sincerely it will be adopted.

A LETTER FROM A FARMER.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Mr. Editor,—Your last week's article on the subject of the Tariff was pretty sound, barring some sneers at the protectionists, which were in bad taste. I hold, with those great and good men, Thaddeus Stevens and Horace Greeley, that the Government owes it to the country to protect domestic industry, and nothing is clearer than your proposition that if one kind of industry is entitled to protection all kinds are entitled to the same. The large sum of money which has been paid every year by the consumers of wood-screws to the stockholders of the American Wood-Screw Company of Providence, Rhode Island, has been well laid out, whatever you may think, inasmuch as it has firmly established that important manufacture on our native soil, and driven foreign wood-screws out of the market. And Congress is bound, by every principle of honor and honesty, to extend to every other producer throughout the land the same reward which it so justly grants to Mr. Simmons's Wood-Screw Company.

The tariff now before Congress proposes to levy an average tax of $22 per ton on foreign iron, and a largely increased duty per pound on foreign woolens. Every true patriot must approve these imposts. As Mr. Stevens says, the pauper labor of Europe *must* be driven out of this market. With coal and iron lying side by side, and food teeming on her own soil, Pennsylvania ought, perhaps, to be able to compete with producers three thousand miles away without protection from Government. But if she is not, and her representative Mr. Stevens says she is not, and he ought to know, I am for giving her what she asks. I am for American industry first, last, and all the time. So New England with abundant water and steam power, first-class mechanical skill, and markets at her own door, ought to be able, one would fancy, to furnish the people of the United States with woolen goods as cheaply as they can be fetched from Europe. But if she is not, and her representatives in Congress protest that she is not, I am for giving her what she asks in the way of protection. I will pay whatever may be required of me both on the iron and on the woolens which I consume, for the sake of maintaining our domestic industries against the pauper labor of Europe.

But there must be no one-sidedness in the bargain. If I pay my money to reward domestic industry in Pennsylvania and New England, the people of those sections must pay their money to reward my industry here. I am a farmer. I grow corn, potatoes, and "garden truck." I have been spending considerable money lately on manure and labor, and on the whole my farm looks well. My "peach-blows" stand three feet high from the tops of the hills; I shall have several hundred bushels for sale in September, at which time they tell me potatoes will be a drug in the market. Owing to a slight mistake of the seedsman, instead of having a couple of thousand of mush melons to sell, I shall have several barrels of cucumbers, which, if the cholera breaks out, will not command much money. My corn promises well; some, raised from Peruvian seed, imported by the Hon. E. G. Squier, will, I am told, grow as high as 16 or 17 feet, but *without cobs*, so that, unless I can sell the stalks as curiosities, my labor will be unrewarded unless Government should remunerate me. I had hoped to make something handsome from my "agriculturist" strawberries. But though the crop has been good, the soil of New Jersey is so much better adapted than ours for the growth of these berries, and we have eaten so many of them at home, that I doubt if I have realized the money I paid for plants, manure, and labor. On the whole, though nature has treated me fairly, and the season has been not unfavorable, I am not sure that my farm will yield me enough to pay the new taxes which are about to be levied on me for the protection of native industry in New England and Pennsylvania, unless Congress should levy corresponding taxes on the people of New England and Pennsylvania to reward me for the service I have rendered the country in raising such fine peach-blows, Peruvian corn, "agriculturist" berries, etc., etc.

I need not say that the protection I demand must not be by way of a customs duty. I fear no foreign competition. No tariff on corn or berries would put a dollar in my pocket. The only way in which I can be "protected" is by a system of bounties, and this, I think, will commend itself to the judgment of farmers throughout the country. Such a system could be easily adjusted. If we farmers pay 25 per cent. more for our woolens and our iron tools than we should pay under what Horace Greeley so justly calls the "British free-trade system," it is but fair that the people who get this 25 per cent. should pay us a corresponding bounty on the food we raise. A bounty of 10 cents a bushel on corn and potatoes, 5 cents a quart on strawberries, and 50 cents a hundred on cucumbers would, my wife calculates, about make us square this season; we should lose, of course, on my friend Squier's cobless Peruvian corn, but we are willing to make some sacrifices for our country. Without such a bounty we shall be robbed, and, firmly as I am wedded to the sound doctrines of the protectionists, I can't be expected to rob my family for the sake of theories.

I have written to our District Representative on the subject, and confidently expect that he will introduce into Congress a measure that will be satisfactory to us farmers. I do not want to seem to dictate to Congress as to the method in which the bounties should be paid. But the simplest plan would seem to be a new issue of legal-tender notes or National Bank currency. There is only about a thousand millions of paper-money afloat, and, as Mr. Stevens and Mr. John Sherman very properly observe, the country wants it all, and more too. A bounty of 10 cents a bushel on corn would require about $80,000,000, and a corresponding bounty on other products, say, $120,000,000 more; so that a beggarly $200,000,000 a year would answer the purpose. This sum might be raised by a special tax on manufactures.

I can not refrain, Mr. Editor, from congratulating you and the nation at large upon the new and grand financial policy into which we are drifting. Blind despotisms in Europe are reducing the taxes on their people to the utmost limit consistent with the maintenance of government; we are increasing our taxes year by year, taxing each separate class for the benefit of every other, and the great public at large for the benefit of each class. Blind despotisms in Europe are either sternly keeping their currency on a par with gold, or if, like us, they have in past years got off the track, are striving to regain it; we, on the contrary, are legislating against currency contraction, and providing as elaborately against the improvement of our national credit as those blind despotisms are guarding against the depreciation of theirs. This is the way in which a young and prosperous country demonstrates its superiority to precedent, and its independence of the old-fashioned laws of political economy.

I scorn and contemn the arguments which have been urged in some quarters in favor of a reduction of taxes and a return to hard money. What the country really wants is more protection and more currency. Let every industry be protected—of course at the expense of all the others; let the issues of irredeemable paper (the most convenient currency in the world, for it never can be exported) be continued as needed and as population increases, until the rate of interest at Chicago and St. Louis falls to three per cent., and a pair of boots costs $25; and then, Sir, we shall indeed begin to realize the blessings of living under a Government administered on the plan of those great statesmen, Thaddeus Stevens, John Sherman, and their compeers.

Respectfully yours, Dick Brown.

Todt Hill, Staten Island, *July* 4, 1866.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

Mr. Editor,—I see that the New York *Times* ardently supports the call of Messrs. Randall and Hendricks for a National Convention. The Hon. Henry J. Raymond is editor of the *Times*, and he is also Chairman of the Union National Committee. Now does he mean us to understand that the Randall and Hendricks Convention is a Convention of our party? If so, why doesn't he say so? If not, why doesn't he say *so?*

If, as the *Times* says, the time has come for remodeling the party, does the Chairman of the National Committee advise calling in our most constant political enemies to do the job? If he does, why does he not resign? If he does not, why does he not consult with his colleagues, and call a truly National Union Convention from all the States and Territories—a Convention to which such Southern Unionists as Andrew J. Hamilton, of Texas, and his friends would be welcome? Or, in the judgment of the *Times*, are Governor Hamilton and those who agree with him, and who voted against Throckmorton in Texas, not sound and trusty Union men?

Is the true way to enlarge and nationalize the Union party to absorb the Southern Unionists or to be absorbed by the Northern Copperheads? Yours,

A Lincoln Voter of '64.

LITERARY.

"Drift: a Sea-shore Idyl, and other Poems," by George Arnold. (Ticknor & Fields.) In one of the "Mosses from an old Manse" Hawthorne imagines a letter from a friend who has lost the thread of his life by occasional insanity, and who writes a letter from London, in 1845, describing grotesquely Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, and the other noted authors of their time, as if they were still living. In the same vein he speaks of those who are still living as dead, and says of one of them: "I remember, too, a lad just from college, Longfellow by name, who scattered some delicate verses to the winds, and went to Germany, and perished, I think, of intense application at the University of Gottingen." Here, too, in this unusually beautiful little book are a handful of delicate verses scattered to the winds by a young man who, in no disordered fancy, but in sad fact, died last autumn. His friend and literary comrade, Mr. William Winter, in a simple and touching sketch, relates the few dates and facts of his life, which have a singular harmony with the musical melancholy of the impression that the book produces.

Mr. Arnold was born in the city of New York, in 1834, and at the age of three was taken by his parents to the West, and returned with them to the neighborhood of New York in 1849. In 1852 he came to New York to study painting—soon relinquished the attempt, and thenceforward, until his death, in November, 1865, was a writer for the periodical press in this city. He wrote with facility prose or verse; squib, satire, or sentiment; living by his pen, and quietly accepting all the conditions of his profession. The best known of his writings was probably the series of M'Arone letters in *Vanity Fair*, but the best of them were undoubtedly the poems which Mr. Winter has now edited. They are full of a pensive, delicate sentiment, and a graceful music, which shows how easily and naturally his reveries and tender regrets flowed into rhyme. If the poet were a Bohemian, in the vulgar sense, there is yet no touch of Bohemia in his verses. The playful attempts at cynicism are very transparent. The real thing in them is a pathetic grace, a genuine sadness. Whether this were more than the luxury of "dreamful youth" does not appear. There are hints—not, however, in Mr. Winter's memoir—of some sorrow from which the young author never recovered. Mr. Arnold's poetry is in no imitative strain. It is not an echo of a familiar voice, but is truly his own, and is sure to awaken a melancholy interest in the poet. We can copy but one little song, written in a sunny mood, which is a good illustration of his rare grace and felicity:

"JUBILATE.

"Gray distance hid each shining sail,
By ruthless breezes borne from me;
And, lessening, fading, faint, and pale,
My ships went forth to sea.

"Where misty breakers rose and fell
I stood and sorrowed hopelessly;
For every wave had tales to tell
Of wrecks far out at sea.

"To-day, a song is on my lips;
Earth seems a Paradise to me;
For God is good, and, lo! my ships
Are coming home from sea."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 26:

In the Senate, after several attempts at amendment the Freedmen's Bureau bill was passed, and sent back to the House.

In the House, the Pacific Railroad bill was passed—96 to 36.

June 27:

In the Senate, Mr. Morrill called up the bill introduced by Mr. Wade on the first day of the session, to grant universal suffrage in the District of Columbia. An amendment was adopted, excluding from the right of suffrage all who voluntarily left the District to go into the rebellion. An amendment to limit the franchise to such persons as can read the Constitution of the United States and write their names was rejected. Final action on the bill was not reached.

In the House, the Senate bill to prevent smuggling was passed.—Mr. Morrill, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported back amendments to the Tax bill, and proceeded to state the important features of the report. The amendments were separately voted on, and as the House refused to concur in several of them, a Committee of Conference was called for. Among those non-concurred in were the cotton, cigar, income, and Bank tax amendments.

June 28:

In the Senate, Mr. Brown offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for such reorganization of the civil service, especially as to the Post-office, Treasury, and Interior Departments, as will secure appointments after proper examination, and to regulate dismissals and promotions as they are regulated in the army and navy, to the end that the patronage of these Departments may not be used as reservoirs of political power.

In the House, the Missouri contested election case was decided in favor of Mr. Kelso, the present occupant.—The Senate amendments to the House bill to continue in force and amend the act to establish the Freedmen's Bureau were taken up. On motion of Mr. Eliot the amendments were non-concurred in, and a Conference Committee was asked.—The House then proceeded to the consideration of the Tariff bill. Mr. Morrill addressed the House in explanation and support of the bill. He urged a higher tariff on various imported articles, especially on wool.

June 30:

In the Senate, a committee of conference was appointed on the Freedmen's Bureau bill. The points to be conferred on relate to the disposition of the Sea Island cotton-lands. The House forbids the surrender of the lands now held by the freedmen under General Sherman's order. The bill as passed by the Senate contains provisions under which the former owners may get possession of these lands, except such as have been sold for United States taxes.

NEWS ITEMS.

Dispatches from Galveston, Texas, give Mexican news to the 23d of June. Bagdad had been evacuated by the Imperialists, and occupied by the Liberals. Mejia had sent for General Escobedo to receive the surrender of Matamoras. Seven hundred Liberals occupied Huesutla, and a force was organizing to attack Tampico.

Morton, the Republican candidate, has been elected Governor of Nebraska by 145 majority. The majority in favor of making the Territory a State was 111.

Governor Swann, of Maryland, declines calling an extra session of the Legislature to act upon the Constitutional Amendment.

The "Conservatives" have carried the election in Texas, and Throckmorton is elected Governor. The Union men seem to have polled one-third of the vote.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

The German Diet at Frankfort having, on June 14, passed the act for the mobilization of the Federal army, Prussia has declared the Confederation dissolved, and that she regards as enemies all the States voting for the act.

The vote was nine in favor to six against—eight votes, excluding Austria, in the affirmative, representing a population of 13,859,711, and contingents of 173,798 men; while the five votes (excluding Prussia) against the proposal represent a population of 2,954,580, and contingents of 35,500 men.

The members of the Confederation voting for the adoption of the proposal were, Austria, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Wurtemberg, the two Hesses, with Lichtenstein, Waldeck, Reuss-Greiz, Reuss-Schleiz, Schaumburg-Lippe, and Lippe-Detmold; and those voting against it, Prussia, Luxemburg, Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Meiningen, Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the two Mecklenburgs, Oldenburg, Anhalt, Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen, Lubeck, Frankfort, Bremen, and Hamburg.

The Prussian ultimatum demanding the neutrality of Saxony in the conflict, the restoration of the Saxon army to a peace footing, and adhesion to the Prussian proposal for convoking a German parliament with the view of founding a new confederation, has been rejected by the Saxon Government. Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and Nassau rejected the same ultimatum.

The *Bremen* arrived here on the 2d instant, with a budget of intelligence of the most exciting character.

Prussia and Italy each declared war against Austria on June 18. This simultaneous declaration, together with the fact that Prussia has been sending gold to Italy, confirms the hypothesis that there has been all along a secret understanding between the two Governments.

The same day that war was declared the Prussians commenced hostilities by invading Saxony from the north-east and west, occupying Dresden. The King of Saxony and the royal family fled. The people were flying into Bohemia. The Prussians were levying contributions of supplies and conscripting the able-bodied men.

The capital of Hanover has been captured by the Prussians.

In Saxony there was an engagement at Friedberg, in which a Darnstadt regiment of the Federal army was cut to pieces, and the Prussians were victorious. In a cavalry engagement with the enemy the Prussians were defeated. This was only a skirmish. A great battle was expected at Frankfort on the Oder, in Silesia.

Both the Austrian Emperor and the Prussian King have issued royal manifestoes—the former to the Austrian people, the latter to the states through which his armies may pass.

A new Italian Ministry has been organized, with Ricasoli at the head. Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi have taken the field. Antonelli, the Pope's Minister, has resigned.

Turkey has announced that she will interfere in the Danubian Principalities; and France, England, and Russia have formally protested.

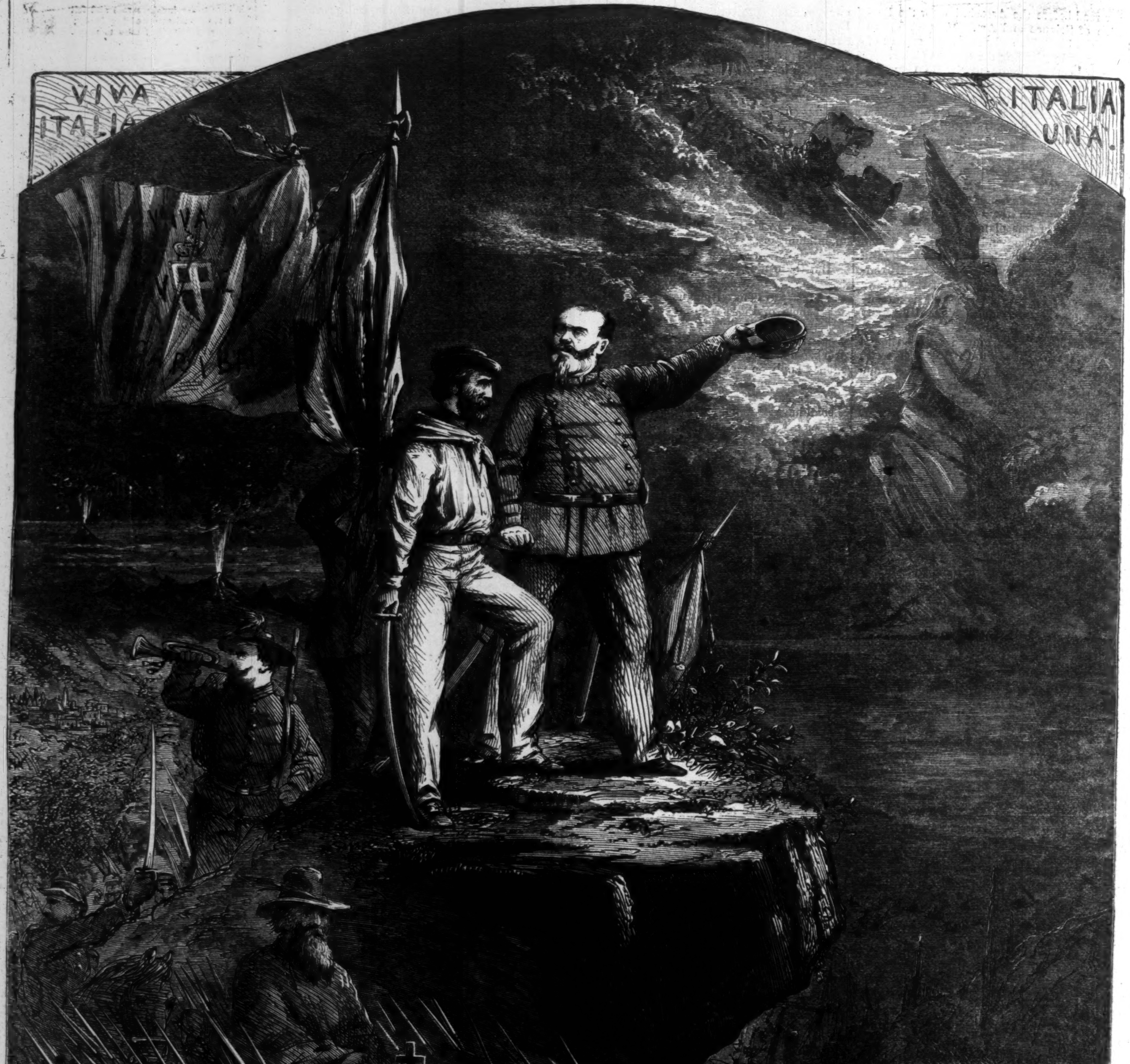
Russia has thrown a force on the Austrian frontier, and has given notice that in case of interference by other neutral Powers she also will interfere.

Spain has determined to withdraw from the Pacific.

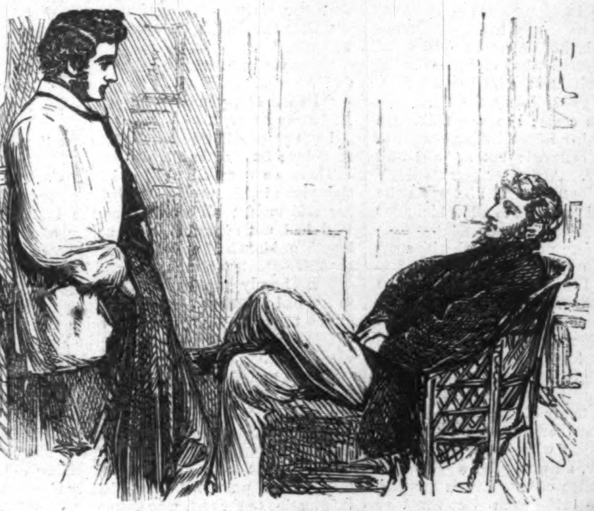
The Atlantic Telegraph Expedition was to start on the 8th of July.

ENGLAND.

By advices from England of June 19 it appears that in consequence of the large majority against the Government Mr. Gladstone had put himself in connection with the Queen at Balmoral, and Parliament had adjourned until June 25.


VIVA ITALIA
ITALIA UNA
VIVA

THE UPRISING OF ITALY.—[Drawn by Mr. Thomas Nast.]



THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS.

WE were inconveniently situated, Phil and I. In a situation indeed that would have rendered more susceptible individuals in a state of mind quite unfit to enjoy the Christmas festivities so closely approaching.

Phil had been, I must say, awfully extravagant; and much as I sympathized with him, I could not blame the "gov'nor" for sending him a check for £50, with the information that he might right himself as he could, for that he (the "gov'nor") was sick of paying his bills and setting him going again, and was firmly resolved to wash his hands of the whole "affair."

The "affair," who happened to be seated beside my fire, with a glass of brandy-and-water near him, and a meerschaum in his mouth, folded up the check carefully and slipped it in his waistcoat pocket, and then tearing up the paternal letter, quietly relighted his meerschaum with it.

"It's shabby of the gov'nor, I must say," he said, with a patience that, compared with my indignant disappointment, was Job-like and beautiful. "But it's no use making a row about it, so there we are where we were before."

"It won't even pay your tailor's bill," I muttered; thinking selfishly to myself, "much less leave you a pound to lend me."

"Of course it won't; the gov'nor didn't intend it should. It's a Christmas-box," Phil answered, seriously, smoking away like a Turk.

I pointed to a little basket that lay beside my writing-table. "I don't know how full yours is," I said, solemnly, "but mine won't hold any more. I've about a dozen by each post from those confounded tradesmen, graduating in insolence."

"So have I, for that matter," interrupted Phil. "But I never read them. I never could stand being blackguarded, and that's what dunning's been allowed to reach in a country that prides itself on its freedom and its constitution. Why," continued Phil, warming with his subject, and gesticulating in a manner that lent additional grandeur to his sentiments, "don't we pride ourselves on the sacredness of the domestic hearth? Is not every man's house his castle? And yet, through the medium of this liberal, this enlightened Government, the post is allowed to invade its sanctuary, and pour on the pure white breakfast-cloth a heap of insults, sufficient to make the blood boil within one, and spoil one's digestion for the day!"

"There should be some law," added Phil, more quietly, and sinking back meditatively in his chair, "to prevent this intrusion on a man's privacy—some fine or even heavy punishment should be inflicted for transmitting, by such means, insults dishonoring equally to the British tradesman and British gentleman. Blackguarding's forbidden in the streets, why should it be permitted in our homes?"

"Never mind the whys and the wherefores," I answered, rather crossly, "the thing is, and there's an end of it. The question is, Phil, what are we to do? Do you know I'm deucedly hard up?"

My friend did not answer for at least twelve whiffs; then he said in his calmest manner:

"You're not of a reflective disposition unfortunately, Jack, or else I should recommend you to light your pipe and leave it to Fate to suggest some idea. With me the case is different. Provide me with a weed and a glass of grog, and if you were to perch me at the top of Mont Blanc, or plunge me in the depths of a coal mine, reflection would claim me as her own."

"I think then, my dear Phil," I replied, with the shadow of a sneer, "it is time you set your reflective powers to work. Fifty pounds won't do you much service, if I am rightly informed as to the extent of your liabilities."

"I am perfectly aware of that, and yet you see I am calm as a marble Jupiter. Such is the force of my self-reliance."

"Come, Phil, what's up!" I exclaimed, in a coaxing tone, for I knew enough of my friend's affairs to value his self-reliance at its proper worth.

Phil raised his glass to his lips, and for a moment there was silence. Then laying it down, he said, energetically, "Jack, I am disgusted with my kind! I feel almost Byronic."

"So do I," I grimly responded.

"There are times," continued Phil, again falling into those gesticulations which he had acquired at the best private theatricals, "when I feel that I could almost—" I thought he was going to say "commit suicide," and as I was contemplating entering the Church, I thought it an excellent opportunity to begin preaching; but he only added, after another communication with the glass beside him, "*Marry!*"

"Good Heavens!" I said, fervently. "At your age, Philip! Why you must be mad; besides, Blanche has not got any thing, and she's awfully extravagant, I warn you, and with not an idea of sewing even a button on a fellow's shirt. You'd better go back to the coal mine, or ascend Mont Blanc, and think again."

"Your glass must have been stiffish, Jack, you're uncommonly witty. However (not for the first time either) you're hitting a little beside the mark. I did not mean to marry Blanche, poor dear! Much as I adore her, I am perfectly aware that 'nothing a year and find yourself' would neither suit her nor me."

"Then what do you mean? I hate guessing riddles—speak out." I fear I did not speak with my usual amiability, but circumstances were trying, and so was Phil, particularly when he had on the "marble Jupiter" mood.

Instead of answering, my friend took from his pocket a small note written on delicate pink paper, and scented with the delightful odor that had once been sweeter than the rose to my senses, as pervading every article that had the felicity of belonging to Gertrude Thornly, Phil's youngest sister.

This he threw at me in a manner that, had he not been my dearest friend (and Gerty's brother), I should have quarreled with him on the spot.

Smoothing it out, for the wretch had crumpled it up in a way that he certainly would not have done Blanche's embossed notes, I cast my eyes over the dashing caligraphy, and after some difficulty, for I must say Gerty wrote with the same dash she did every thing, I made out the following:

"THORNLY HALL, *Dec.*

"MY DEAREST PHIL,—What have you been doing, you silly, extravagant boy, to put papa so horribly out of sorts? He has not spoken a civil word to any one since he got your letter; and when I asked him how you were, and what news you gave, he spirted out some very naughty words, which made the Rev. Mr. Blink, who was dining with us, use his handkerchief vigorously. Now, my dear Phil, you really should not do whatever you have been doing, and I hope you won't again. I and Blanche were talking it over last night, when we were undressing (Blanche came over to stay a day or two, yesterday), and she thinks it may be that you have been spending too much, which of course one is apt to do when things are so dear, and dress-makers so exorbitant in their prices; and papa should not expect one to buy every thing and give to charity sermons too. And Blanche says her papa is as bad, and she only wishes for your sake and her own she was a Queen of Diamonds. By-the-by, that reminds me, the Queen of Diamonds, Miss Rowney, is coming to stay with us at Christmas; and so is Captain Johnson, and Clara, and all the Holmeses; so I hope you will manage to get away too, as you do make theatricals go off so well. And now good-by.

"Your affectionate sister,
"GERTRUDE THORNLY.

"P.S.—Don't do it any more, for papa is *so* cross."

I was so interested in the perusal of that note—taking me back as it did in the presence of that being, who, to my mind, was the sweetest woman I had ever met—so engrossed with the pleasant fancy, that I again heard her gay laugh and happy fresh voice, almost indeed felt the flutter of her ribbons, as during those few days of the preceding September—that I continued gazing at the writing, and forgot that my friend was waiting my comments on it.

"Well!" at length he said.

I started.

"Well!" he repeated; "do you understand now my meaning?"

"I must confess that I do not."

Philip's lip curled contemptuously, but he was too lazy to be more violently abusive.

"I suppose you can understand that Blanche Grey is not a Queen of Diamonds, however much her devotion to me, dear angel, may make her wish it."

I did understand that perfectly, knowing that Miss Grey was the daughter of one of the greatest spendthrifts going, who never had a penny to pay cash for any thing; but what all this nonsense about queens and diamonds meant I was still as much in the dark as ever, and I said so frankly.

Phil still looked contemptuous, but he condescended to be more lucid.

"Gerty writes abominably," he said, puffing out his cigar smoke in that imperial manner that Jupiter would probably have rolled out his, had the blessing of tobacco been known on High Olympus; "but she's a sensible girl for all that, and with an eye to business, which she most certainly inherits from the paternal side. She means kindly to hint to me that if I am in difficulties I could not do better than make up to Diana Rowney. She goes rather round about, and brings in Blanche in a way I do not quite like, but she means well, I dare say."

Now, knowing as I did, that Gerty Thornly was the frankest, simplest, heartiest girl in the world, and the bosom friend of Blanche Grey, I felt this translation of her letter to fit in to the suggestion of his own mercenary thoughts malicious in the extreme, and I girded myself up (figuratively of course, for it was after dinner) for a combat in her defense.

But Phil raised himself immediately, and energetically for him. "Don't, for Heaven's sake, don't! I know all you are going to say, and I am in a mood in which it would drive me to distraction. No; let us be sensible, Jack, and talk things over without any romantic sentimentalism."

"That's what I have been wishing you to do for the last hour," I answered, crossly.

Phil waved his pipe in that calm oratorical manner which I knew prefaced a rather lengthy speech; so I lay back and made myself comfortable.

"Jack," said Phil, in the way he would have said "Mr. Speaker" in addressing the House of Commons, "Jack, we are in difficulties; I may say difficulties of an intricacy which even passes our powers of solution. Those difficulties, however, all centre in the one point, want of money; and the question is how to supply this want."

"Come, Phil, you're getting prosy," I remarked.

"It's a prosy subject. I am not a Gladstone, and finance is a subject I abhor. Why not, therefore, turn it into something more romantic? Now I know Diana Rowney is not to compare with Blanche in a robe de chambre, but in her ball dress, with all her fortune flashing about her, she is perfectly dazzling. Blanche fades to a mere shadow."

"I wish you would explain who this Diana Rowney is, and what you mean about her diamonds," I interrupted a little testily, for, truth to tell, I was beginning to fear that Phil had some prize in view which I could not share.

"Why I thought the girls had told you about her. She is the daughter of some Indian merchant who made a fortune, and then just before he died turned it all into diamonds, which he left to his daughter on the condition that she did not attempt to sell them before she married. He made her take an oath, I believe, at least so she says, and she lives moderately on £60 a year, while she keeps her fortune in her jewel casket."

"How much are they worth?" I inquired, with interest; "and what kind of a girl is she?"

"You had better come down to Thornly Hall and judge for yourself."

As he spoke, Phil fixed his eye on me in a manner that I knew had a deep meaning.

"Well," I said, "what?"

"Shall we make a bargain, Jack? We've held to each through a good deal; shall we hold on still? We both want money, we both have a fancy for—well perhaps for a prettier girl than Diana Rowney; suppose we agree to toss up who is to be the sacrifice, and agree that the other shall receive a thousand pounds on the wedding-day."

"Phil, what a horrible, almost immoral idea!" I exclaimed, virtuously.

"Well, I did not say it was agreeable, or particularly moral, did I? All I say is, it is necessary for me to get money somehow, even if I have to do something as bad as marrying an heiress. There!"

And Phil reared up his great person, gave his mustache a savage pull, and prepared to put on his great-coat.

* * * * * *

The result of that conversation was that, on the 21st of December, a couple of tall (and though I say it, who should not), good-looking fellows, took first-class tickets by the Great Western down to Bridgewater.

I must also confess that on the previous night, after having passed a dreary hour looking over my entangled accounts, Philip had also contrived to beguile me into that immoral "toss up," which was to decide whether the heiress or the thousand pounds were to be mine; and I was in uncommonly good spirits from having won the money. I could still meet Gerty Thornly with a free conscience.

Phil, I must say, bore his fate with a calmness truly philosophic; but I noticed even he avoided the subject of Blanche Grey, and if he ever mentioned love or woman, spoke of them in a Byronic manner quite painful to hear. His feelings, however, must have been rather tried when, on arriving at Bridgewater, we found a whole party from the Hall come to meet us, among whom was Miss Grey, but not the Queen of Diamonds.

They kept up the old style of things at Thornly Hall. There were plenty of servants, good table, silver plate, and Christmas festivities; and besides this there were daughters with moderate portions, timber that must not be cut, and an eldest son, who, unfortunately for himself, was not Phil. I knew all this; and I was accustomed to the ways of the place, and I went to my room to dress for dinner in a frame of mind perfectly satisfied with my own position, and indeed that of all the world.

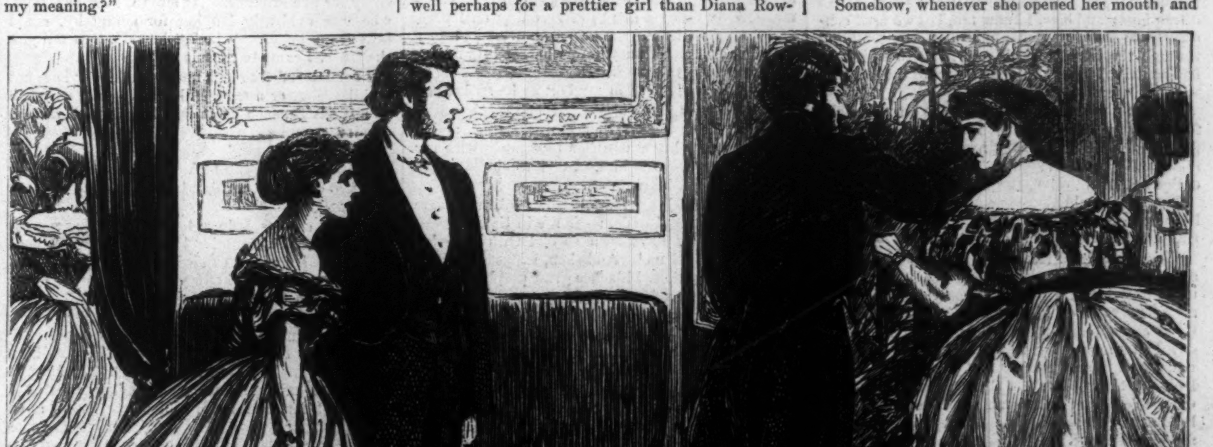
Alas for human selfishness! I must confess I was so engrossed with my own pleasant meditations, that I had quite or almost forgotten that Phil was about to be sacrificed; and when he just poked his head into my room, and growled that "he had just had a talk with the gov'nor, who was still savage as a bear, and that he must go in for her," I scarcely remembered who the "her" was. I was a little horrified when I did remember, for I must confess I had found Gerty more charming than ever (I think winter costume, especially that black-plumed hat, became her even more than airy summer muslins), and it made me almost shudder to think how I had tempted Fate.

It is astonishing what a purifying effect female society has on our brutal, male natures. Ten minutes after I had been in the company of the Misses Thornly and Blanche Grey round that blazing fire, while we waited the summons to dinner, gold had become dross in my estimation; those luxuries of bachelor life I had been accustomed to consider necessaries the most insipid vanities that a man could burden himself with debt for. I grew virtuously strong; so much so, that I blushed when I thought of the object of that Christmas visit among those unsuspecting damsels, and resolved to do my best to prevent this evil-doing, even at the cost of my thousand; but even as I determined the door opened, and in came Phil, in his most *distingué* toilet, with a lady. Well, she was not handsome, unless an overdoing of every feature she possessed gave her a title to beauty. She had a very large Roman nose, very large black eyes, very, very bushy black eyebrows, very black hair, very large white teeth, and very red lips—lips and teeth which made you shudder and call to mind the old story of Red Ridinghood.

"What large teeth you have, grandmamma!"

"All the better to eat you up, my dear!"

Somehow, whenever she opened her mouth, and



"SHE GUESSED SHE HAD LOST PHIL."

turned her head in the snappish way which seemed peculiar to her, I fancied she was going to say that.

All the ladies made a move as they entered.

"Come and sit near the fire, Diana!" exclaimed Miss Thornly.

"Here's a cozy little corner, Di," said Gerty.

"So there is here," said Edith Holmes. "Come by me, Diana."

The Queen of Diamonds seemed a great favorite even among her own sex—that was comforting. However, Diana Rowney smiled graciously, and the butler at that moment announcing dinner, she accepted Phil's arm, and we all made a move to the dining-room.

Again I must acknowledge that the charms of my own position made me insensible to the trials of my friend; and it was only when he called to me, in rather a stern voice, to pass something at the dessert, that I observed, in spite of his smiles, Phil was looking any thing but contented.

Phil was a very fascinating fellow in his way, and had brass enough to give a dash to his soft attentions and sweet speeches, which quite distinguished him. He was handsome, too, and had a peculiarity about the eyes that pleased us men, so it was not to be wondered that the women adored him.

I watched him a little after that call, and I saw that he was going through the regular process with dark Diana, and apparently with success, for her great eyes were glowing like red-hot coals—I can't say stars—and she was laughing and talking, and paying him an attention as flattering as it was exclusive.

They grew a little noisy, too, and attracted general attention, approving I could see, from the bottom of the table, but not quite so much so from either Gerty or Blanche Grey. Indeed, the fair face of Miss Grey had looked very much puzzled ever since she had been at table; and Gerty now and then made wrong answers as a louder peal of laughter than usual came from Phil and Diana's corner.

Still, when Miss Thornly made the move, and the ladies left the room, Phil took his cambric handkerchief and passed it across his brow with a sigh, as if he had concluded some Herculean labor. He took a good deal of wine too afterward.

That evening he was very assiduous in courting dark Diana, and showed, indeed, a firmness of purpose worthy of a better cause; but whether it was that the sharp fresh air of morning cooled his ardor, or that he found Diana still less inviting with that large Roman nose protruding from under a tiny black hat, I know not; but the next morning his attention fluctuated rather, and when in the morning ride his horse fell back beside Blanche, he seemed to find it difficult to urge him forward again to the assistance of Miss Rowney, who professed to be nervous on horseback; and when we happened to loiter together in the dining-room before luncheon, he shrugged his shoulders most desperately, and whispered, "If she would but come out with them all blazing about her, it would give me courage, Jack."

Three days passed, however, and "the Queen" did not come out in the "blaze" poor Phil yearned for, as does the prisoner for sunshine. She wore a diamond brooch occasionally, which attracted our covetous gaze; but, as we both silently observed, that was not sufficiently tempting to make weight with Diana Rowney in the balance against either Gerty or Blanche.

A philosopher less interested than myself might have found a delightful combination of amusement and instruction in watching Phil's conduct those three days. He would have seen an amusing struggle between the man of the world and the man of nature; the man of wants and the man of taste. In the evening, after imbibing a certain quantity of sherry and port, Phil was Diana's slave, lounging with her in private corners, bending over her while she sang (songs which put your teeth on edge), decking her hair with camellias stolen from his sister's conservatory, and otherwise pursuing the object which brought us down to Thornly; but in the morning, somehow, he could not resist Blanche's attractions; and how, I know not, but we used constantly to fall into that same quartette, rambling through the leafless woods and roads in which we had contrived to pass so many hours of the last long vacation so satisfactorily.

I think the mornings made up to poor Blanche for all the puzzling desertion in the evening; and perhaps she believed what I heard Gerty assert one night, under cover of Diana's singing, "Phil was obliged to be attentive, to please papa, you know."

How this would have gone on—which lady would have carried the day—I know not, but I was getting rather doubtful about my thousand.

However, Christmas-eve came. There was to be a dance, and we gentlemen had gone through the usual exertion of decking the room with holly and such flowers as could be got, and we had done the usual amount of flirtation likewise. I think the day had been trying to Phil on the whole, for I must say even I thought I had never seen Blanche look prettier than she did, now peeping through dark wreaths of laurel, now bending her golden head over the shiny holly. The opportunities, too, for love-making had been very abundant, and to have to make sweet speeches to Diana, after whispering them to blushing Blanche, must have been martyrdom, more especially when connected with a guilty conscience.

Phil did seem nervous for once in his life, and I remarked that he left the society of the drawing-room much sooner than he needed to go and prepare for the dance; and on leaving myself for the same purpose half an hour afterward I saw the red spark of his cigar sauntering up and down the terrace. Now smoke in solitude proclaimed that Philip Thornly was uneasy in his mind, so I was not surprised, on descending to the ball-room some time afterward, to find that he was still absent, nor to hear from Captain Johnson that he was still smoking away like a Turk in the cold night air.

Meanwhile the room began to fill, the music to play, and the usual routine of the ball to proceed. The scene was pretty enough to please the most fastidious eye, for the decorations were perfect, the lights admirably disposed, and certainly falling on "fair women and brave men" in profusion; but it became dazzling when the door was thrown open, and Diana Rowney appeared in the blaze of all her fortune. Diamonds on her neck, diamonds in her ears, diamonds on her arms! Heavens! how she blazed beneath the lights, and how her great dark eyes shone with triumph as she saw the envious gaze fixed upon her!

Certainly, whether it was the fiend of Avarice that put me on his spectacles or not I can not say; but somehow that dark woman, with her glittering jewels, *did* seem to cast the rest into the shadow. Even fair Blanche, till then the belle (except for Gerty) of the room, seemed to fade into something dim, and I must say I thought cheerfully of the thousand pounds. Why, those diamonds must be worth an immense sum!

Dark Diana was soon surrounded by an admiring crowd, but she refused all offers until Philip Thornly appeared, and then she accepted his arm and took her place in a quadrille. I do not know whether it was maliciously done or not, but she manœuvred so that for her *vis-à-vis* she had Blanche Grey.

I had watched narrowly for Phil's entrance, for I would not have lost the effect of the first view of the Queen of Diamonds upon him for the world. I should be able to judge of my chance of the thousand pounds by it.

He bore the dazzling sight, however, with admirable composure; and Diana's eyes must have been more acute than mine if she could detect either amazement, satisfaction, or admiration in the quiet glance with which he approached her and asked her to dance. Indeed, he was more careless than usual; and as he led her forward I heard him say, in an indifferent tone, "that he had a headache, and felt hardly up to dancing."

But he did dance—and with the Queen of Diamonds too—to Blanche's grievous anger and astonishment; and he took her in to supper, and plied her with Champagne, and quaffed copiously of the same himself; and then, when they came back again, they only took one waltz round the room, and retired to the conservatory.

Heavens! how that woman's eyes shone as, leaning heavily on Phil's arm, she passed through the glass door beside which I stood, with my arm round Blanche, taking breath for an instant.

"What are they going in there for?" Blanche said, quickly; and then she looked up in my face, and whether she saw any thing there ominous I know not, for I felt almost as guilty as Phil, but she drew away from me, and murmuring something about being tired, went and dropped quietly on a sofa in the corner.

I think, poor girl, she guessed all about it; and I felt quite wretched as I looked at her, watching there from her corner that fatal door. She guessed she had lost Phil.

Gerty did too, I think; for suddenly her face lost its gayety, and she went and sat down by Blanche, and wound her arm round her silently, but in a manner very protecting and sympathetic.

I was not sorry when that evening came to an end; and I must acknowledge I went to my room feeling almost as guilty as if I had abetted a Gunpowder Plot.

"Come in!" I exclaimed; and the door opened and Phil came in.

"I've done it!" he said, throwing himself on the sofa, and beginning to pull off his neckcloth as if it choked him.

"Done what?"

"Proposed to Diana Rowney: we are to be married in a month."

I was prepared for the news, and so listened silently.

"Of course," continued Phil, "it's trying—very trying; not only for poor Blanche, but for me. Champagne only could have got me through it; and I see I must send an enormous supply to wherever we fix on for the honey-moon. The honey-moon! only fancy a month of spooning on Diana, and from that to emerge into a family man! By Jove! Jack, I don't know now whether I shall have the nerve to get through it."

He took a cigar from my box as he spoke, and began to smoke vigorously.

The position was rather embarrassing, and I really scarcely knew whether to condole with my friend or congratulate him. I took a middle course—the philosophical one.

"The diamonds are magnificent, Phil, and I dare say you'll get used to domestic life in time."

"It wouldn't have been so bad with Blanche, perhaps; but Diana! And then, suppose—"

Phil hesitated, and his face grew perplexed.

"Suppose what?"

"Oh, nothing; only a ridiculous idea!" But he got up as he spoke and lit his candle, with the same expression of uncomfortable perplexity; and I knew he took himself off so hastily because he was afraid of letting out the reason of it.

He came down the next morning, though, looking very calm and composed; and neither he nor Diana displayed any of the usual embarrassment, when, in a slightly pompous manner, Mr. Thornly announced at the breakfast-table the happiness with which he contemplated adding so charming a daughter-in-law to his family circle. Certainly Blanche Grey was not there, having gone home with her father the night before; so there was no one to "forbid the bans," except Gerty, and she dared only do it by her indignant eyes.

The two went to church together, and otherwise behaved themselves like an engaged couple; and apparently all was going on in a satisfactory manner so long as I was at Thornly to keep my watch on them.

When I went back to London I left Philip still courting away firmly and philosophically, and his last words to me at the station were, "It's all right, Jack; as soon as possible, after the 14th of next month, you shall have your thousand."

I saw very little of him again till I received the important invitation. He came to my lodgings two or three times, but was always in a desperate hurry; and, beyond a hasty sentence or two that all was going on well, he seemed to avoid reference to what neither of us had much reason to be proud of. I gathered from Gerty—who I met at a friend's, to my inexpressible delight—the intelligence that, though Philip was a good deal at the Hall, Miss Rowney did not often come; she was making a round of visits among her Irish friends previous to her marriage, it was believed; but she and Phil corresponded regularly. About settlements Gerty did not know much; but she said Phil was quite satisfied, and papa had promised to allow him £300 a year.

I must say I looked forward to the 14th with some anxiety, however. In spite of things looking so easy and comfortable, I could not quite believe that the marriage would take place. That Diana Rowney would really become Philip's wife seemed impossible. But day after day passed, and I heard nothing of the affair being either broken off or delayed; and on the 12th of February I found myself traveling down to Thornly Hall to fulfill my promise of acting best man to my old friend.

The party I found gathered ready for the wedding was small, but just what it ought to have been; and, apparently, all was going a great deal smoother than the course of true love is properly supposed to do. The bridegroom elect was very attentive; the bride very calm, and not too *exigeante*; the bridemaids good-tempered, and the papa ditto. We were not quite so merry, perhaps, as at Christmas, but we were very cheerful. The only time when my spirits flagged at all was when I found the bride's great black eyes fixed on me, or when she smiled at me with her "wolf" lips. Diana did not like me. Whether she suspected any thing or not I do not know; but I felt that when Miss Rowney became Mrs. Philip Thornly, I should be allowed to see very little of their domestic felicity.

I think Phil saw this too, ah! and a few other things besides; for now and then he would retire to the terrace for the solitary smoke, so indicative of mental depression. He avoided me still; and it was therefore with some surprise that I heard his heavy quick step coming along the corridor toward my door the eve of the wedding.

"I may come and have my smoke, Jack, I suppose?" he said, poking his bearded, handsome face into the room.

"Of course, old fellow, and I shall be honored by your company. You don't often favor me now," I returned, pulling my own chair toward the fire and pointing to the arm-chair opposite.

Phil seated himself and carefully lighted his pipe, and then smoked away in silence for at least ten minutes.

"I feel, Jack," at length he said, looking unutterably wretched, "as if I were come to say the last few words before execution. I had no idea matrimony required such nerve—as much, ay, more than having a tooth drawn."

"And, unfortunately, it's not so soon over," I remarked.

"No, indeed!" And the groan that followed that remark almost brought tears to my eyes.

"Must it be, Phil? have you quite made up your mind? After all a wife's a wife, and one soon spends a fortune; and then—then suppose—"

"Suppose what?" said Phil, with a start that made me jump so I let my meerschaum fall into the fender.

"Thank Heaven it is not broken!"

"Suppose what?" reiterated Phil, inconsiderately enough.

"It's real," I began, pettishly, alluding to my pipe.

"Of course it is; she would not have given it to me unless, particularly after all the fuss I made. I don't know much about gems, but—"

"What the deuce are you talking about?" I interrupted. "Your head is quite turned by Diana's diamonds. I was talking about my pipe."

"Your pipe! tush!" Phil spoke quite viciously, and I felt so offended that I became solemnly sulky for five minutes. At length, however, Phil, who was evidently longing for sympathy, could bear it no longer. "Jack," he said, "to tell you the truth, I came to consult you."

I condescended to look more affable. "I am not a philosopher or a sage, Phil; but you're welcome to my advice, such as it is," I said, with modest dignity.

"Well, look here."

As he spoke, Philip took from his pocket a tiny morocco case, and opening it, handed it to me. It contained a diamond ring elaborately set.

I must confess I do not understand gems, and, though I tried to examine it with the air of a connoisseur, I am afraid I failed signally.

"Come, Jack, you know you know no more about diamonds than I do. Don't make faces, but just listen. This afternoon Diana gave me that ring."

"Very handsome of her, I'm sure."

"Well, I don't know. We had been talking about the jewels, you see, and though I tried not to appear too much interested, I don't know that I succeeded, for she fixed her black eyes on me in an awful manner, and then, after making some excuse for keeping the best of the diamonds in her own possession, she brought me this, and begged me to accept it."

"Well!"

"Well, Jack, I must confess I do feel horribly uneasy. Ever since I have been engaged I have been haunted by an awful suspicion. Suppose, Jack, suppose those diamonds were *false!*"

He uttered this in a low, awful tone; and then, lying back, puffed away silently.

"It would be horrible," I said: "but the same idea has occurred to me."

"It has! Ah, then, that decides me! To-morrow, Jack, I shall take that ring to a jeweler at Bridgewater. I am not going to marry Diana for nothing."

As he spoke Phil rose up; and in spite of my invitation to remain a little longer, prepared to take himself off, in a mood of desperate resolution, to his own room.

"The—the ceremony doesn't take place till eleven o'clock," he said, as he gently opened the door. "I shall start early, Jack; and if I am not back before you all get to church, meet me at the western door, will you?"

"Oh, you're sure to be back; Bridgewater's not five miles off."

"I shall try, you may be sure. Good-night." And away he went.

I was prepared for some of what came to pass the next day; but not for all.

There we were, all waiting in the church; the clergyman in his surplice, the bride surrounded by her bridemaids; all waiting for the bridegroom. Phil had not appeared. A quarter of an hour lengthened into half, and still he came not; and then the three-quarters struck, and still he came not.

Mr. Thornly grew nervous, and, as usual, began to use bad language. Gerty turned pale, and the guests began to whisper. The bride alone maintained perfect composure, sitting in her pew. It was only when she caught sight of Blanche Grey (who had proudly demanded to be present at Phil's wedding) that she looked the least troubled. For my own part, I went every two minutes to the western door.

The clock had just struck the quarter to twelve when I saw a man on horseback riding quickly toward the church, and I immediately signaled the information to the rest, who thereupon placed themselves in position at the altar.

I never felt so relieved in all my life; but as I stood watching my blood grew chill. That man was not Phil Thornly!

He came up and dismounted, and then gave me a paper. I knew what it contained before I saw the words; and if the note had not been snatched from my hands by Mr. Thornly, I don't know that I should have done more than throw it down and rush off wildly.

"The ring *is* false. I am off to Paris.—P. T."

Mr. Thornly read out the words in a perfect fury. "What does he mean?—what the deuce does he mean?" he cried.

"I can explain, Sir," said Diana's voice, calmly, while a scornful smile spread itself over her pale face. "Your son imagines I have deceived him about my diamonds, and he has left me; he declines the alliance."

"But this is scandalous."

"It is a little more than I expected, certainly. However, come, Mr. Thornly, let us return to the Hall; and at any rate let me vindicate my honor. Send for a jeweler, if you please."

Diana looked really dignified for once; and I think she was the only one of the bridal party who left the church with any thing like dignity. As for Blanche, she was terribly flushed, and kept squeezing my arm, whispering, "I thought this horrid marriage would never come off; and then poor Philip was so dreadfully hard-up!" She was the only one, I believe, who felt she might rejoice in Philip's escape at all hazards.

We were soon all assembled in the old Hall, with Diana, still in her bridal dress, unlocking her jewel-casket solemnly, and pompously delivering jewel after jewel into Mr. Thornly's hand, to be passed by him to the jeweler (who had been sent for) to be examined. The silence was great, the excitement equally so; and I really scarcely knew whether to consider Philip and myself as villains or fools when, after careful testing, the jeweler pronounced Diana Rowney to be a Queen of true and excellent Diamonds!

She waited till the man was out of the room, and then, turning her great eyes triumphantly upon us all, she said:

"This is not the first time I have gone through a similar scene. I know men will court me, as Philip Thornly has, for my diamonds; and this is the test I put them to. The ring I gave Philip *was* false. This, however, has been a case of 'diamond cut diamond.'" And then, without another word, she walked out of the room, and an hour after had left Thornly in the same carriage which was to have borne her away a wife.

I telegraphed the news to Philip—whom, I believe, his father disinherited on the spot—and retired myself immediately to my own lodgings.

The Queen of Diamonds had been too much for us; and, to use Philip's words, "there we were where we were before."

Fortunately for him, two of his good aunts died a few months after all this, leaving him their savings; whereupon he returned to England, and, I believe, contemplates Blanche again. Otherwise he would be at this moment vegetating, or, as Blanche says, "pining," at Boulogne.

GEORGE PEABODY'S BIRTH-PLACE.

We give on page 444 a sketch of the Birth-place of Mr. George Peabody, the distinguished American banker of London, whose name has become a household word in England, on account of his princely benefaction to the London poor.

The house is located in the town of South Danvers, Massachusetts, on the "old Boston road," now Washington Street. The building, although at least one hundred years old, appears like the dwelling of a thrifty farmer of about twenty-five years ago. A barn of more antiquated appearance stands near by. The house is painted white, and is a prominent object of interest both to the citizens of this thriving town and to strangers. Mr. Peabody's first large gift was the establishment, in this his native place, of a library, to which he contributed $100,000.

As a token of her appreciation of his gift to the poor of London, Queen Victoria, a short time since, addressed to Mr. Peabody a letter conveying her special acknowledgment of his charity, and is now sitting for a portrait to be presented to him.

Mr. Peabody is now in this country. It is said that his residence is so besieged by beggars of every description that he has been compelled to refuse admittance to all except such familiar friends as may venture to enter without the formality of ringing the door-bell.

FENIANA.

I.

The O'Mahony sate in an easy-chair
At the grand Head-Quarters in Union Square,
With rumpled hair
And an air
Of care,
And a gloomy glare
In his eye's fixed stare
As he gazed into vacancy, unaware
Of the luxuries rare
That surrounded him there.
There were mirrors in plenty and some to spare,
And the furniture—none of your common mohair—
Was brocaded and gorgeous beyond compare;
And every where,
From the foot of the stair
To the top of the roof where the flag-staff upbare
The emerald ensign of Erin the fair,
The house had been put in most thorough repair,
And the larder and cellar had each its share
Of edible and potable ware:
Not ill-cooked food to produce nightmare—
Not "*vin ordinaire*"—
But such sumptuous fare
As might satisfy aldermen feasting a may'r,
Or tempt e'en the Pope from his fasting and pray'r.
Yet the President's aspect was one of despair,
And his thoughts had wandered away elsewhere;
For the Fenian affair
Was quite "*en arrière*,"
And every thing "*à tort et à travers*."
The Senate had met and had sworn a swear
His financial functions to overbear,
And to oust himself from that easy-chair.
No wonder, then, that his face should wear
A look the reverse of debonair.

"Be the worrth o' me worrud! I vow and declare,"
Said he to himself, "it's remarkably quare,
Not to say unfair,
That thim beggarly blagyards iv Sinators dare,
In spoite o' me warnin,' to plot their nefar-
ious schames the success of our cause to impair
By impeachin' meself. Let the thraitors beware
How they rouse up the Tiger (that's me) from his
lair!
Though I'm bothered intoirely how to prepare
An adequate scare
That shall make them forbear
For the future to meddle or interfare
In matthers that don't appertain to their sphare.
They *won't* be abolished, nor own my vicar-
ious power, and render my station precar-
ious—Stay! May I ne'er
Become glory's heir
But I'll write to Jim Stephens a letther sevare,
Indorsin' meself and their plans layin' bare,
And ax him to thry to extinguish their flare."

So he wrote a note whose contents were:
"*Tres chèr*
Confrère,—
We're a wonderful pair—
I agent *in loco*, you centre in eyre—
And we've laid a snare
For the Saxon corsair;
And we've lighted up Erin as Liberty's phare
(Or will when we've found an *embarcadère*).
But I give you my word that there's no *savoir faire*
To be found in the lot
Of the colleagues I've got
On this side the Atlantic. A malcontent faction,
Whose action
Would drive to distraction
Any less earnest and virtuous patriot—
Is making a great riot,
Theat'ning to let all the fat in the fire land,
And play the Old Boy with the fortunes of Ireland.
They've recalled all my bonds, they've denied my
authority,
And asserted their own senatorial priority,
And boldly assuming a *congé d'élire*,
Have vowed to cut short my triumphant career,
And depose me from office, appointing instead
One Roberts as President over my head.
Nay, more (to such rudeness you wouldn't give
credit,
Unless you'd this proof of myself having said it),
They've called on poor Killian to show his accounts,
And are raising a row over trifling amounts
Disbursed by my order for house-rent and furniture
(Why wouldn't I use the right? Didn't I earn it,
sure?)
Devil a cent
That we've spent
Or lent
But the villains have something to say anent.
To be brief, they've created, in country and city,
schisms,
And given the papers occasion for witticisms.
So, whenever you've leisure,
I'd like, if you please, your
Emphatic assurance that I'm quite immaculate,
And that if they don't yield to my sway the whole
pack you'll hate.
Hoping that soon your injunction you'll lay on, I
Remain yours fraternally,
(*Signed*) The O'Mahony."

* * * * * *

Oh! 'tis quoite impressin' to be witnessin'
The crowd that's pressin' in the dirty sthrates,
As bowldly defyin' the British Lion
The Sinators hie in and take their sates;
An', bedad! 'twould alarm ye, if it didn't charm ye,
To hear of the army an' the privateers
That Gineral Sweeny an' some naval Fenian
Is about convenin', with guns an' spears.

But whin they mintion the Fenian dissintion,
Oh! 'tis thin you'd thrimble for to hear with grief
Thim Boanarges a-preferrin' charges
Agin O'Mahony, their warlike chief,
An' that great civilian, B. Doran Killian,
Who conthrols each million that the coffers bear
(Sure of every sou he resaved in St. Louis,
If what they say's thrue, he tuk the best o' care).
Abuse of *they* two their tongues they lay to:
What's more, they say, too, they can bring their
proof.
Wid the way they're jeerin' if ye wor in hearin'
Ye'd be aisy fearin' that they'd roise the roof.
(Ye see, O'Mahony was afther sayin' he
Desired in Ireland to create turmoil;
While the Roberts faction finds more attraction
In immayjate action on Canayjan soil.)

Want of veracity, with incapacity
And foul rapacity, is the cry they rouse, and
Their rage is kindled, and they swear they're swin-
dled,
For the funds is dwindled to "eleven thousand."
Of O'Mah'ny's "whist, oh!" sorra word they'll list
to,
Though he puts his fist to a deludherin' tale;
An' they tell poor "Barney" to hould his blarney
Or they'll up an' sind the pair of 'em to jail.

* * * * * *

II.

As in your pre-amble you showed yourself lusty,
Again let us canter,* my Pegasus trusty!
The verse you're averse to I'll, versatile, alter:
Hibernian metre's an unstable halter,
Whose short two-foot tether
Has cribbed us together.
To pen you in suchwise might make you "ride
rusty,"
Unshod with the brogue, be your feet featly back
sent:
Our shafts need no traces of Irish broad accent.

The O'Mahony sits in his chair of state;
And he feels that he's now in a desperate strait;
And he purses his lips and he scratches his pate
In search of a feasible plan
Whereby to renew Paddy's martial excitement,
And rouse the belief that at last there's a fight
meant:
For he thinks to himself, "If I can't contrive
The public confidence to revive,
And keep the sale of my bonds alive,
I'll be a ruined man."
He looks very black, for he feels very blue,
And he says to Killian, "What'll we do?
I'm afther fearin', 'twixt me and you,
That we're like two *beets* in an Irish stew,
And sorra one o' me sees the way through.
Advise me, if you can."

Then up speaks Treasurer Barney D.,
And he says to his downcast chief, says he:
"Look here, old fellow,
There's Campo Bello,
A nate little island, convaynient of access,
That nayther to Saxon nor Yankee pays taxes:
A neutral ground for our canvas tints
And aisily captured with thrifling expinse,
Sign me a commission as Lieutenant-General—
Barrin' some powdher and muskets, our men are all
Ready to start by the very next train,
And display our might on the coast of Maine!"

"Arrah! Barney, you've hit it!" O'Mah'ny re-
sponds,
"'Tis yourself is a jewel, the devil a lie in it!
Maybe 'twould sind up our Fenian bonds;
Any way, honey, there's no harrum thryin' it!"

Like the monarch of France, of whose up-hill ad-
vance
A poet has told us the story,
Bold Killian sets out on his conquering route,
To add to Ould Ireland's great glory:
But, alas! like that same king of retrograde fame,
At Eastport he right about faces,
And leaving in peace Campo Bello's police,
His course to New York he retraces.
For though with all speed he's prepared for the deed,
The British somehow get there sooner;
And the Yankees make prize of his arms and supplies,
Which were sent on by sea in a schooner.

The astounded Head Centre one morning sees enter
The mansion that's named after Moffit
A turbulent pack, who have begged their way back,
And who, failing honor, want profit.
At first he says nay to their clamor for pay,
But when Walsh shuts the door to and locks it,
And bellicose Gaynor with furious "demaynor"
Produces a pistol and cocks it,
And all of them vow that they'll murther him now,
And as "swindler" and "imbecile" flout him,
He wisely retracts 'neath "the logic of facts,"
And hands over what cash is about him.

Tare an' ages! Murther an' ouns!
All through the country—in cities and towns—
There's a growl and a howl and a mighty uproar.
Never was heard such a tumult before!
The circles meet and the circles frown,
And they curse O'Mahony up and down.
They curse him living, they curse him dead;
They curse him at board and they curse him in bed,
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
They curse him in speech, and, where spoken words
fail,
They curse him by telegraph, curse him by mail:
They curse him behind his back, curse to his face;
And when he endeavors to shift the disgrace
To Killian's mismanagement (though 'tis unfair
of 'em),
Doubling their fury, they curse at the pair of 'em.
Donnybrook Fair on a magnified scale
Would be a mere trifle—a sprat to a whale—
Compared with the strife that is ev'rywhere rife,
The abuse and recrimination.
Pot Killian calls Kettle O'Mahony black,
And O'Mahony flings a "*tu quoque*" back,
And the Fenian masses, who've quite a knack
In the art of vituperation,
Rave and revile in a furious style;
While to add to the tribulation,
Stephens, the Brotherhood's recognized chief,
To whom the culprits have looked for relief,
Only brings them to further grief
By fresh denunciation:
He says they've been false to "the men in the gap;"
Finds "weakness" and "crime" in the recent mis-
hap,
And lets O'Mahony understand
That the only course worthy of Ireland's approval
Is to put in writing "out of hand"
His own resignation and Killian's removal.

Roberts and Sweeny are blithe and gay
When they hear that their rivals are out of the way;
And they marshal retainers in goodly array
And bid them prepare with all haste for the fray:
"To death or to victory! Forward in order
To frighten the Blue Noses over the border!"

Sing, Muse of Battles! in tones loud and cheery,
The wonders of valor performed at Fort Erie!
How, led by O'Neill, the great Fenian host
Disperses a sentinel guarding the post;
How the Custom-house banner is dragged to the
ground;
How the hen-roosts are captured for miles around.
Shout, Goddess! exultant, in honor of Spear,
The hero whose soul is impervious to fear,
Who o'er Canada's red hoists Hibernia's green
With his gallant army of seventeen!
But let your voices to a whisper sink
When you tell how the Erians homeward slink.
Let the record be made in invisible ink
Of the bloodless defeat
And the shameful retreat
Of the Celts ere the Saxon oppressor they meet.
Pass over in silence
That dreadful stampede,
And the peace-making vi'lence
Of General Meade.
How the Fenians' fervor is foully repressed;
How Sweeny, caught napping, is put in arrest;
How the carpet knight, Roberts, who scorns bond
or bail,
Is a self-sainted martyr in Ludlow Street jail;
How Stephens is more than suspected, they say,
Of being a spy in Britannia's pay.
These things, O Muse! are unfitting your last
strophe:
Leave to Grand Jurors the final catastrophe.
Pegasus halts at the sound of woe,
And in spite of our urging no further will go.
Be the Irish Republic consigned to the courts,
And its archives preserved in police reports.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Crime stalks abroad in the land." Murders are every day occurrences. Not the murder, under sudden provocation, of a single individual, but a new fashion, if we may so speak, seems to prevail. Whole families are slaughtered in cold blood—tragedies of unsurpassed horror follow each other in fearfully quick succession. But among all the awful records which have crowded the newspapers, none has sent such an indignant thrill of horror through the veins as the recent report that a *Presbyterian clergyman*, in our own State, had whipped his son, *not three years old*, so severely, *because he would not say his prayers*, that the child died two hours afterward. Furthermore, the minister—much religion has such a minister!—was *two hours* whipping the boy, who was indeed little more than a baby, using a *shingle* for the purpose!

This is more shocking than the murder of the Innocents by Herod of old. No circumstances can make such an act otherwise than in the highest degree atrocious! To force a child, by punishment, to *say his prayers savors of barbaric ages*. It is stated that several of the child's fingers were broken, to conceal which the father tied its hands behind before placing it in the coffin. While physicians were making a *post-mortem* examination, this inhuman monster sat by, coolly watching the proceedings. It is said that he justifies his horrid deed, thinking it his *duty* to punish the child until his *will was broken!* And this poor little victim of a father's wrath, had, according to report, lost his own mother; and his step-mother, to say the least, does not appear to have objected to the punishment.

There are many fathers and mothers—unworthy the name of parents—who are habitually cruel to their children. It is not often, we are thankful, that extreme cases occur among the educated classes. But, wherever and whoever they are who do not know enough to treat children humanely, they should be looked after by some society analogous to that for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A few years ago it was reported that a little girl of five years old was "*kept in*" by a teacher in one of our city schools for not knowing her lesson, until she was so exhausted that she fell into a prolonged fainting fit, which ended in her death. We believe some endeavor was afterward made to establish the fact that the little creature had not been well for some time previously. Very likely. And that would have been a good reason why she should have been tenderly dealt with, instead of being "*kept in*" to study. Helpless, dependent children often suffer more from mere thoughtlessness, carelessness, and neglect than most of us imagine.

The general health of the city, notwithstanding the heat, has been remarkable. The very few cases of cholera have been promptly reported, and attended to by the Board of Health. Almost without exception they resulted from special imprudence in diet, or extraordinary fatigue. There is good reason to believe that this disease, which has been so dreaded, will not prevail in our city. The prompt and efficient measures taken by the Board of Health for keeping the city clean have served a good purpose. We suggest, however, that all is not yet accomplished. On the western side of the city, somewhere in the vicinity of Thirty-ninth Street, there are still bone or fat boiling establishments, whose nauseous odors pollute the air. Some of these hot days scarcely a breath of air is stirring; and at evening, when a breeze springs up, we sit at the window rejoicing—when, faugh! there comes a disgusting smell from some of those nuisances. It is too bad to vitiate the fresh air which we all need, and might enjoy.

The Fourth of July—our nation's universal holiday—is undoubtedly made up, like ordinary days, of twenty-four hours. But with the *boys*, the "Glorious Fourth" commences about the first of June, and lingers along into the middle of July. Weeks before the great final "fizzing" crisis one can scarcely pass through the streets without being startled by the spluttering of "fire-crackers" on the right hand or on the left; and you may be thankful if they do not chance to be directly under your feet. And long after the grand exhibitions of the Fourth "Young America" chuckles over the unexploded supplies of torpedoes and small fire-works. It is estimated that several millions of dollars' worth of fire-works are consumed every year in celebrating "Independence Day."

Prices, for the most part, "keep up" in a very unsatisfactory manner for purchasers. Many articles cost as much to-day as they did when gold was up to 250. Yet house rents have really fallen. It is said that agents have turned over a new leaf, are as complaisant and polite as could be desired, and don't even object to "*children*."

The mercury lost itself away up among the eighties and nineties last week, and couldn't find its way down for some days. But at length, one morning, in the hitherto pitiless dome above, a little cloud appeared, scarcely bigger than a man's hand at first, but all through the day growing and spreading, until, at evening, huge black pillars loomed in the western sky, and amidst lightning and thunder descended the grateful showers. Thus ended our first heated term.

One of those inexplicable cases in physiology which sometimes occur to puzzle the doctors, was recently developed in the person of an old lady living in the city, who is eighty-one years old. Two days after her last birthday anniversary she was taken ill, and had some trouble with her head, but notably with her stomach. The difficulty increasing a physician was called in, who at once discovered an unusual development of the jaw. A closer examination revealed the fact that this old lady, who has progressed much further in her life's journey than to reach the traditional threescore and ten, had cut four new front teeth!

What a delightful place must Texas be to live in! It is stated that when General Gregory went to Texas he visited a lawyer at his office, and asked him for a copy of the laws of Texas. The lawyer opened a drawer, took out a large and handsome bowie-knife, and gave it to the General. The General carefully examined it, laid it down, and said, "I desire to look at the laws of Texas." The lawyer replied, "*That* [the bowie-knife] is the laws of Texas. A few statutes have been passed. Nobody notices them. The only law used in *this* State, the only laws *here* noticed, referred to, and used are the bowie-knife. The rule is, at night, walk in the road with cocked revolver held forth; let no person come near you; if they do, shoot, and *kill* if you can. Any other plan will insure *your own* death."

The English Reviews and Journals have been quite exercised of late upon the style and cut of ladies' dresses. Some, with no very exalted opinion of the wearers, declare that the very low *corsage* is adopted for the sole purpose of display and to attract attention, and that each individual adopting it is necessarily immodest. We would rather believe—although it may not be very complimentary to the good taste or good sense of ladies—that they, for the most part, imitate the fashion without any consideration of what is involved by following it. They blindly follow their fickle, if not blind guide, and thus—unconsciously, we hope—fall into improprieties. But since certain modes of dressing are sure to expose ladies to the charge of immodesty, would they not do well to lay aside doubtful styles?

There is much truth in the brief quotation we give below:

> "What are called the great afflictions of life are easier to bear than the small worries; it is positively less painful to die by a sword-thrust through the heart than by innumerable flights of Liliputian arrows lodged in all parts of the body. Ridiculous and contemptible sorrows require a double portion of fortitude or insensibility. They have a poisonous quality, which is most injurious to the best natures."

The clergy of Edinburgh seem to consult their people with great freedom in regard to matters of dress. The ladies of the congregation of Dr. ——, in that city, lately determined to present the Doctor with a pulpit gown. The Doctor, on the Sunday after it was presented, intimated to the people in the church, "The ladies have been kind enough to present me with a pulpit gown; but lest any member should object to my wearing it, I sha'n't put it on yet, and will hear objections on Thursday night." Nobody came to object but an old lady. The Doctor said, "Well, Janet, what objections have you to the pulpit gown?" "Aweel, Sir," said Janet, "we never read of the Apostle Paul wearing a gown." The Doctor said (and there was a significancy in the reply), "You are quite right, Janet; but we never read of St. Paul wearing breeks (trowsers)!" That satisfied the old lady.

There are many things pretty and new among the fashions reported from Paris. One of the pet novelties of the season is the small Marie Antoinette mantle. These mantles have the most stylish effect when made of the same material as the skirt, whether it be Chambéry gauze, silk, or muslin. If they are made of silk, they are trimmed either with pinked-out frills or with floss silk fringe; if they are of gauze, they are trimmed with ruches, or with blonde insertion lined with colored ribbons; but if muslin is the material of which they are composed, then they are ornamented with *bouillonnés* and white lace. These mantles are scarcely so long as a pelerine, as they do not pass below the waist; they are worn high on the shoulders, are open in front, and are crossed over the chest; they are then tied at the back in a bow with two loops. If they are made of a light thin material the bow is a simple one, but if the material is thick the ends are generally pointed.

There is a novelty in summer dress-materials which has been christened *Oriental silk gauze*. It is extremely pretty, and is a sort of Chambéry gauze, on which is traced a brocade of silk in brilliant and divers colors. This brocade forms a band at the edge of the skirt and round the *peplum*, which is usually sold with the style of dress. When this Oriental band is embroidered by hand it is still prettier and more brilliant.

A mixture of black and white in almost every article of a lady's toilet is still very noticeable. At the present moment white paletóts are positively the order of the day in Paris, and they are invariably ornamented either with black guipure, braid, gimp, embroidery, or cross-cut bands, but always black. Petticoats are trimmed with narrow black velvet. The Empress follows the popular taste, and more frequently adopts a black and white dress than a colored one.

The French journals have been very proud of boasting of the superior humanity of the French laws over those of every other nation. Some horrible prison-houses, however, called the "Hells of the Bagne," have recently been brought to light. Hitherto the public have not known of their existence. These Hells of the Bagne consist of a number of subterranean cells hollowed out beneath the casemates of the fortifications of Toulon. They are just wide and long enough to contain the body of a full-grown man, who, if above the common height, has not sufficient room to stretch his legs. The convict is chained by the leg to a ring in the wall; his hands, crossed one over the other by a strong iron gyve above the wrist, remain in the same position during the whole time of his punishment, which extends to one, two, or three months, according to the gravity of the offense. He is forced to eat, to sleep, and act with his hands in the identical posture in which they were left by the blacksmith employed to rivet the double gyve on his entrance! No light is suffered to penetrate this "Hell," and only just sufficient air to prevent its miserable inmates from being suffocated. After a month or two of this punishment it seems that the man who has not meanwhile been conveyed either to the cemetery or the mad-house is found to have grown tractable as any sucking dove.

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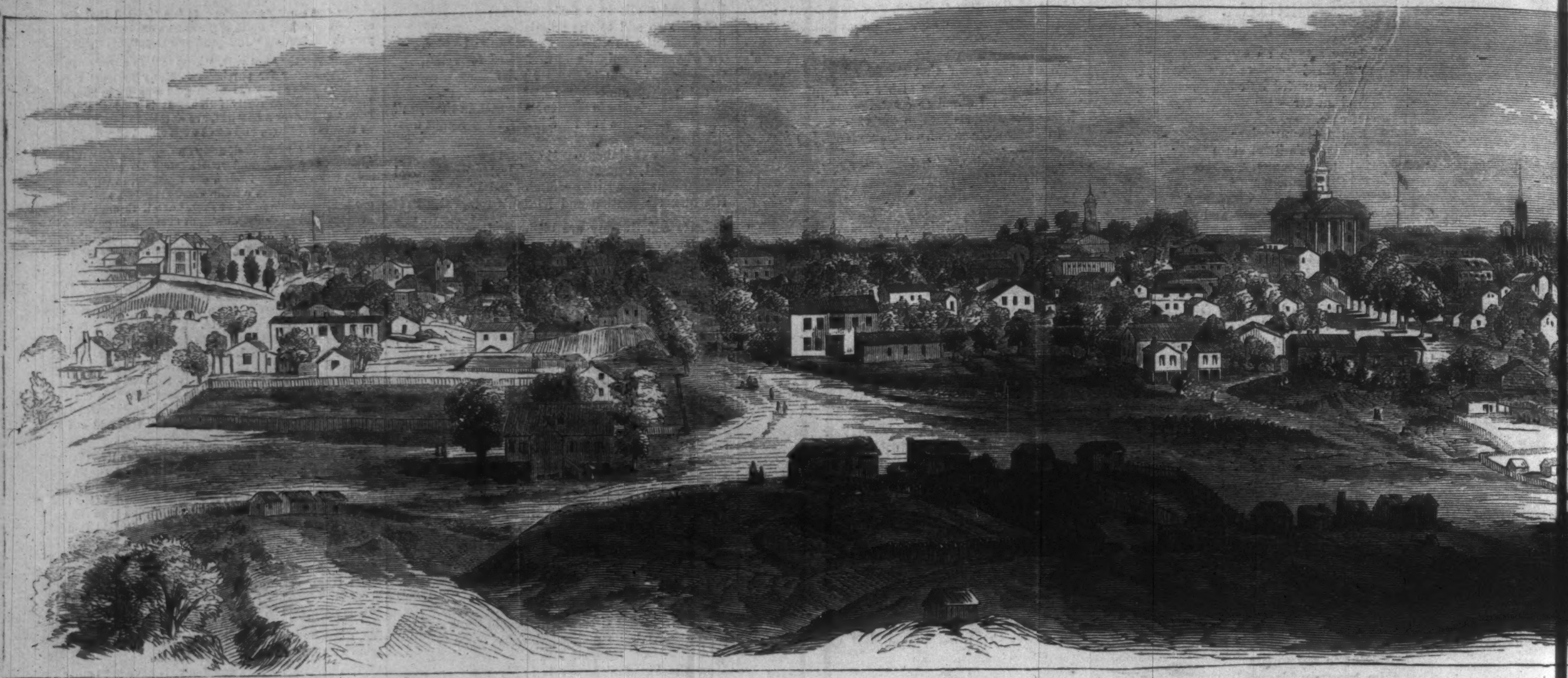
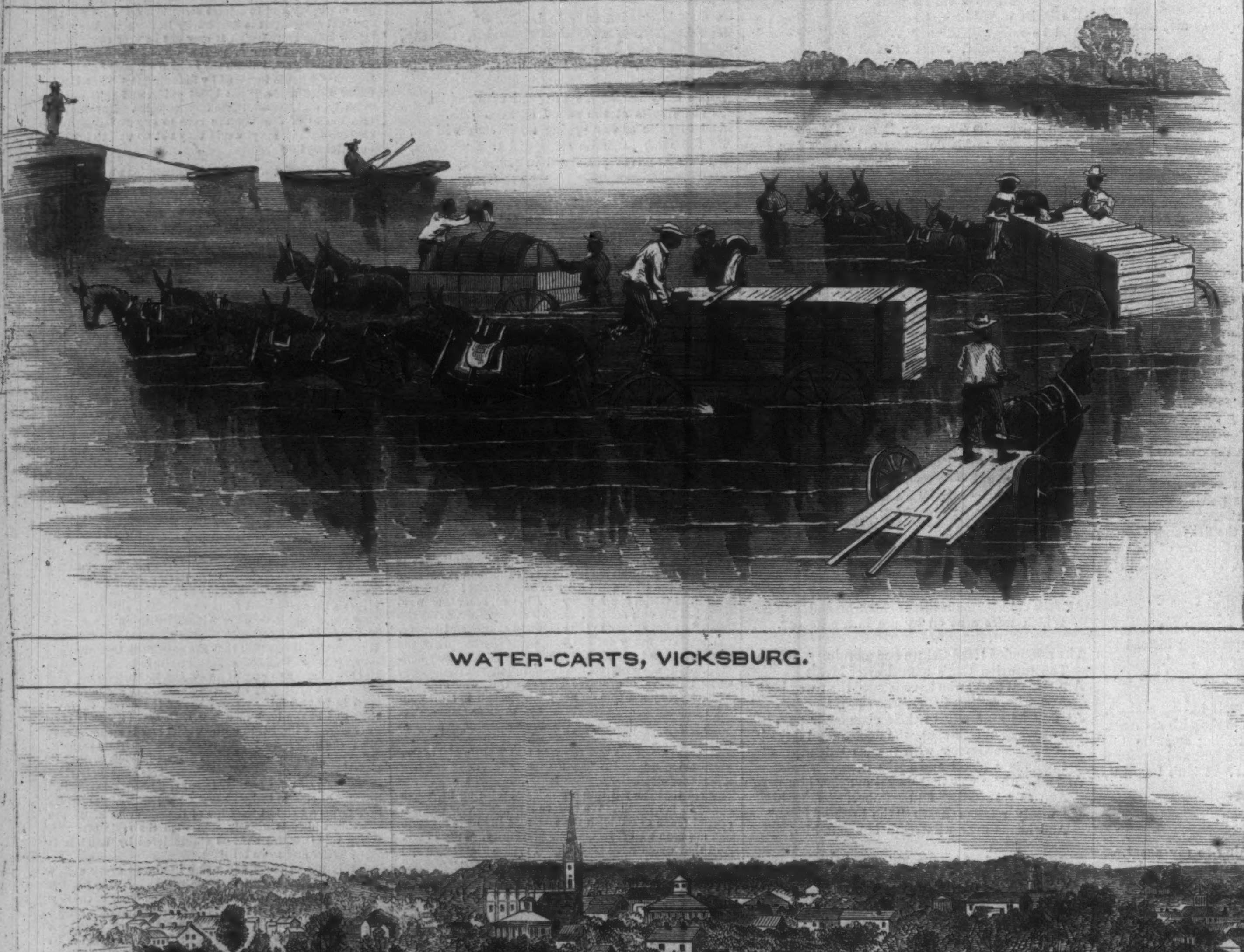
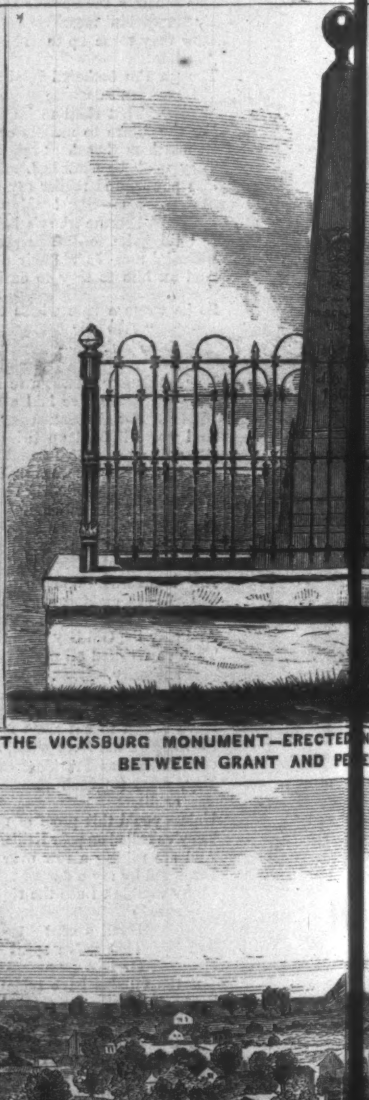
* From plagiaristic intent I so far am
That "canter," I own, is "decantered" from Barham.
Of using it fond he's
When changing from spondees
To smooth anapestic (the measure that we're in)
If his Muse, like mine, have become hard of 'Erin.



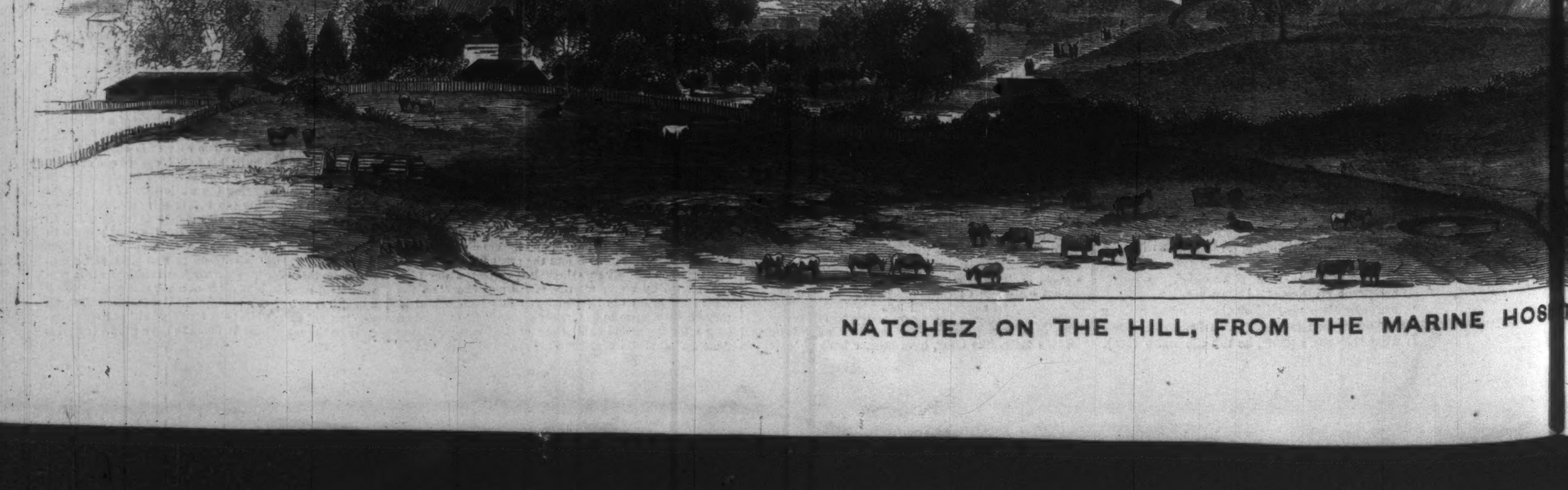
VICKSBURG, FROM THE OLD



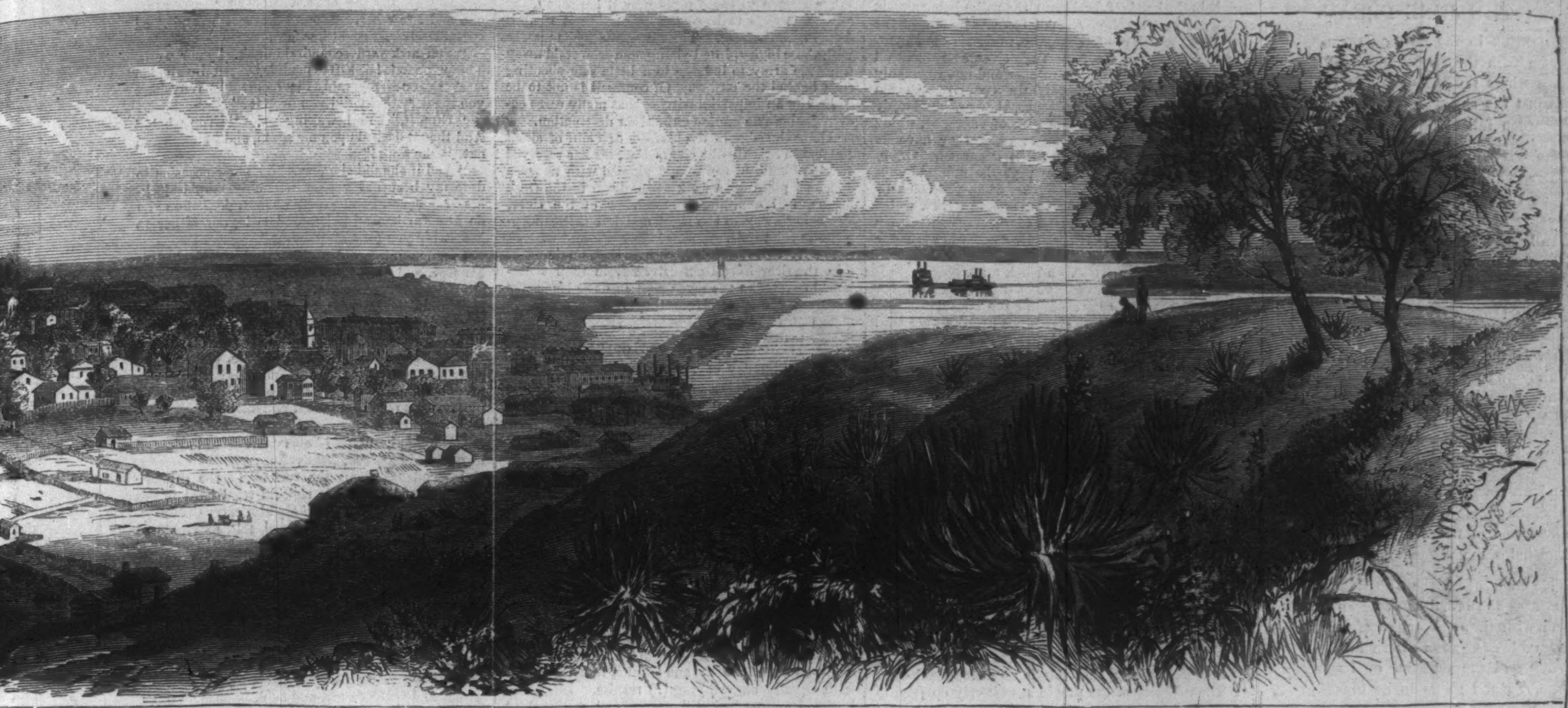
WATER-CARTS, VICKSBURG.



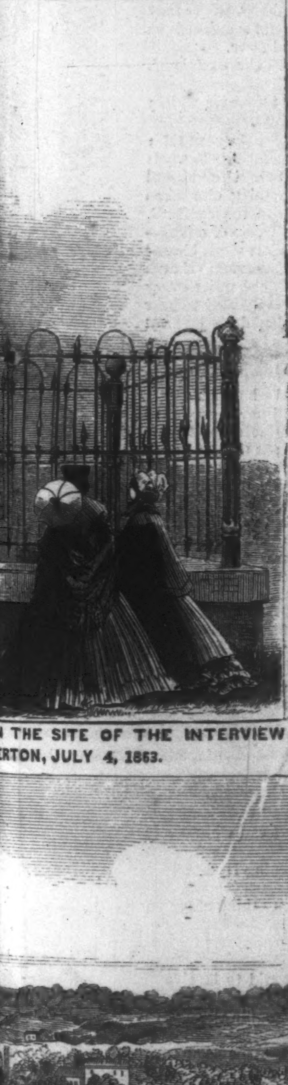
THE VICKSBURG MONUMENT—ERECTED [illegible] THE
BETWEEN GRANT AND PE[illegible]ERTON



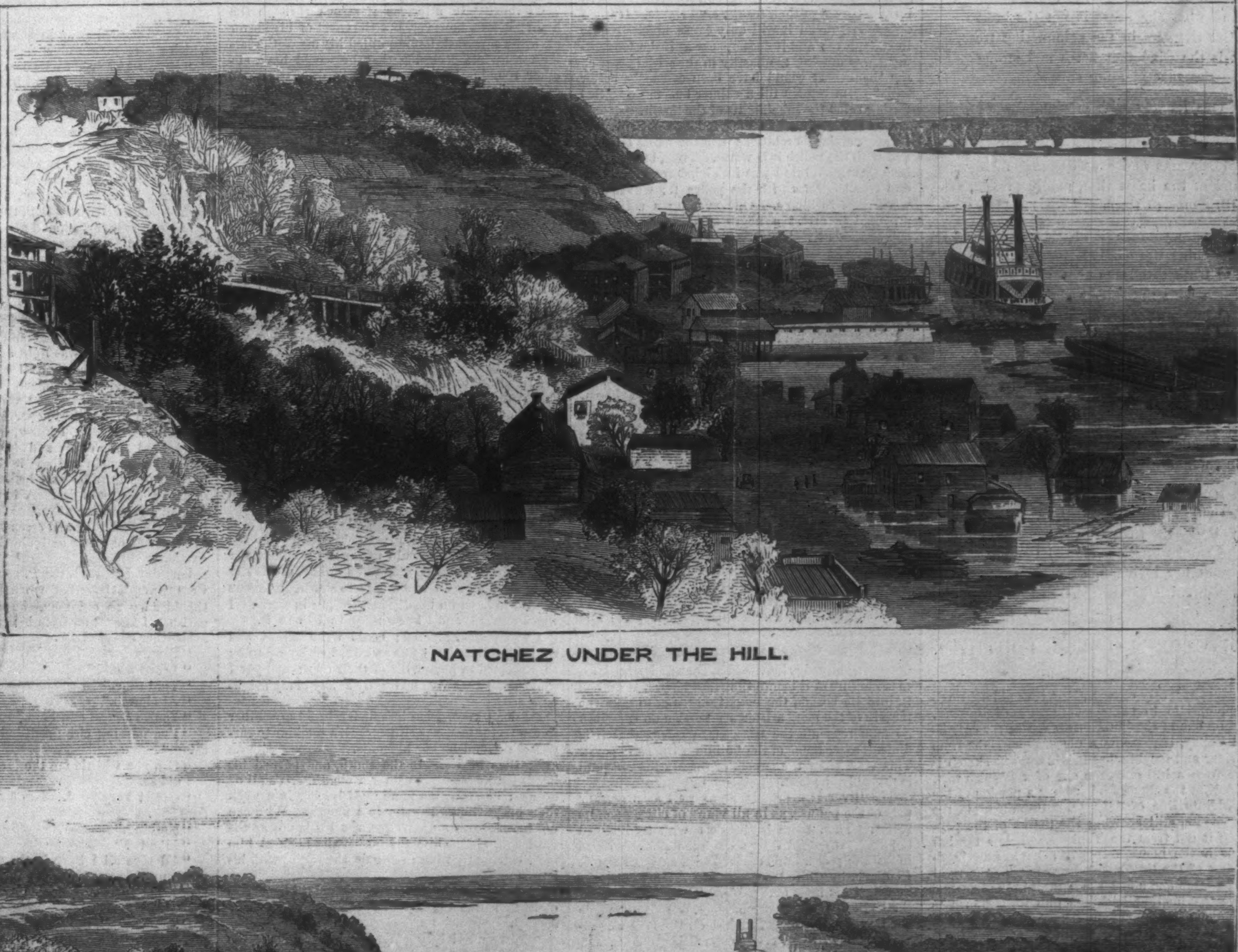
NATCHEZ ON THE HILL, FROM THE MARINE HOS[illegible]TAL



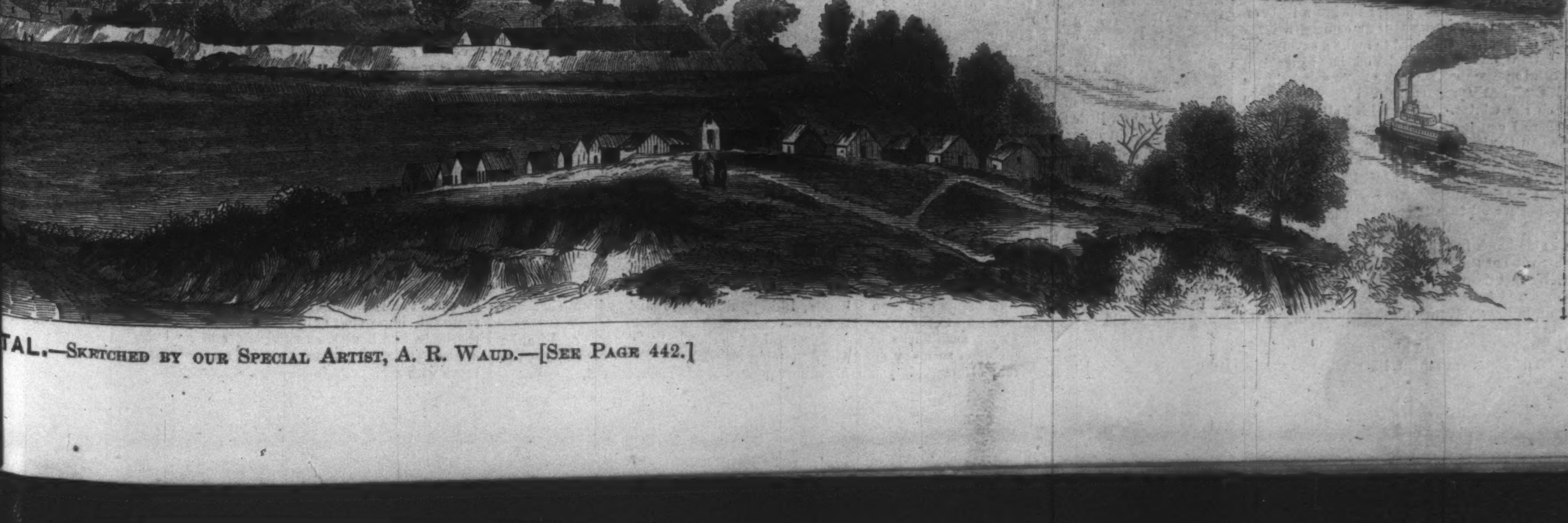
OLD SPANISH FORT.



THE SITE OF THE INTERVIEW
ERTON, JULY 4, 1863.



NATCHEZ UNDER THE HILL.



TAL.—Sketched by our Special Artist, A. R. Waud.—[See Page 442.]

THE JUNE DREAM.

A garden in the burning noon,
Green with the tender green of June,
Save where the trees their leaves unfold
Against the sky, less green than gold—
A garden full of flowers, as bright
As if their blooms were blooms of light!

There, while the restless shadows play
Upon the grass, one comes to-day
Musing and slow, but fair of face,
Gentle and winning as a Grace,
Rosy and beautiful to see,
And in the June of life is she.

Among the flowers and by the trees
She comes, yet tree nor flower sees—
In vain the golden pansy blows,
Vainly the passion-hearted rose,
And—trembling in the gusty swells—
The campanula's purple bells.

These in her fancies have no part:
She wanders dreaming in her heart,
And ever, while around her flows
A silken ripple as she goes,
The sound of winds and waves it takes
And helps the pictures that she makes.

Wide underneath the June-blue sky
She sees the breadths of ocean lie,
And with the opal's changeful range
From blue to green alternate change,
While still the sunshine on its breast
Trembles and glows in its unrest.

And on the far horizon—white
A sail is shining in the light,
And what she hears is not the breeze
That trembles in the shimmering trees,
It is the wind that fierce and strong
Hurries that yielding ship along.

It cuts its way with creak and strain,
The sail is wet with spraying rain;
But o'er the side one scans the foam,
And dreams and ever dreams of home,
And of the heart that, madly press'd,
Still seems to throb against his breast.

Oh, brave young sailor! Eyes of blue
Like thine were never aught but true;
And truth dwells on those lips that yet
Scarce with the salt sea-brine are wet,
And in that peach-like cheek the flame
That burns can never burn with shame!

In all the fears that wring her heart
Doubt of thy truth can have no part—
She fears the flush of angry skies,
The winds that roar, the waves that rise,
Wreck, death, whatever ill may be,
But, no, she has no fear of thee.

A tender melancholy lies,
A shadow in her downcast eyes,
While by the trees and through the flowers
She thinks of the departed hours—
Regret her loving heart *must* bear,
But anguish has no portion there.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

VICKSBURG

is called the "City of Hills," but it would be equally appropriate to name it the City of Ravines. Built on one of the bluff formations of the Mississippi Valley, it presents a picturesque sight from the river and neighboring heights. The sketch is made from a hill once the site of a Spanish fort, and during the siege of Vicksburg a portion of the Confederate line of defenses. Prominent is the Court-house, still showing the marks of the peppering it got from the Yankees. Below the left façade is the house, formerly a bank, now headquarters of the Freedmen's Bureau. To the right is a flag-staff and a fort, the highest in the line, and where "Whistling Dick"—a gun well known to the Union army—had its eyrie. Another flag-staff, away to the left of the picture, shows the headquarters of the commander of the Department, that fine old warrior, General Wood. Negro-huts dot the middle distance, while to the right the river stretches off into the distance, showing a little of the opposite shore, where Grant camped a large portion of his army and tried to make a canal.

The trees and gardens of Vicksburg give it a delightful appearance. Choice flowers and shrubs flourish almost spontaneously, blossoming even through the winter. As it rained all the time I was there I can testify to the superior capabilities of the soil in the matter of mud. At other times the inhabitants say the dust is unbearable, which, indeed, is the case in all the Mississippi towns and cities. Capacious culverts are there to carry off the water, but for all that it cuts ravines through the roads, and occasionally renders the streets impassable. One block from the Washington Hotel there was a gully cut through the street by the rain, ten or twelve feet deep. The Post-office and a number of stores and houses were flooded by leaky roofs, without, however, disturbing the equanimity of the owners to any degree.

Vicksburg is governed about as badly as Memphis. The city government, like that of Memphis, is in the hands of foreigners, the police being among the worst specimens. All but one or two of the City Council are foreign-born, and so is the Mayor. The abuses of the New York city government all exist here, but upon a meaner and more ruffianly scale. Nothing is apparently too dirty or mean for these police; for instance, they are constantly arresting negroes on the plea of vagrancy, fining them, and letting them go; or, if they have no money, hiring them out till it is earned. Often, however, the colored man pays the fine and says no more about it. Good joke, when you think of it—vagrants paying fines! This is a trick which I find the police and constables every where play upon the negroes. If they suspect they have money they take them up and let them off again (often without examination), on black mail.

Of real beggars—negroes—I have seen none. There may be such; but all the beggars I have met were white. As slaves the negroes were bred to have few wants, and wages being good, they find it easy to satisfy them. Ignorant and used to forced labor, it is hardly to be wondered at that they love to indulge their ease, although it would be better for the country and themselves if they would work more. The Bureau is doing all it can in this department to attach them to regular labor, and a number of planters have acknowledged to me that it was an advantage to them. As an instance of the appreciation for it of the intelligent men of the South—those who wish to see their country prosper again—I may mention the case of a district above Vicksburg, where a previous officer of United States Volunteers has been engaged by the planters themselves, there being no agent of the Bureau there, to remain to the end of the year, they agreeing to pay him three thousand dollars for his services, under the rules of the Freedmen's Bureau, being a practical recognition of its usefulness in keeping the contracting parties to their duties. It is true, however, that this is an exceptional case. The majority of the people are bitterly opposed to the institution, many still hoping to yet establish a harsher system, if not one of actual slavery, as soon as the troops shall be withdrawn and the States in full possession of their former civil rights. If these men ever prevail it will only cause much trouble in the future; and it does appear as if the Government was moving too hastily in the withdrawal of the troops. It would have been decidedly better to let them remain till a calmer and more settled feeling ruled the inhabitants of the South.

The black soldiers in Vicksburg do not enjoy altogether amicable relations with the white soldiers, and with the police it is worse. They, being Irish, hate them. While I was in Vicksburg I saw several small *émeutes* with the police, for which they were most to blame. One evening a policeman proposed to arrest a negro soldier for being too noisy outside the theatre. The negro claimed that he had no authority. The policeman then drew a pistol and ordered the soldier to march to the station-house, and on his refusing shot him through the neck, inflicting a probably mortal wound. The white soldiers, probably a little influenced by "fire-water," occasionally undertake to push the colored volunteers off the sidewalk. This generally causes a row, in which the negroes usually get the best of it. The people are much opposed to the possession of arms by the negroes, and they have shown, as at Memphis, that they will, if made desperate by persecution, use them.

There was, during my stay in Vicksburg, a Masonic procession, several Union officers participating. A gentleman on the sidewalk audibly expressed his disgust that d——d Yankees should be permitted to join the procession.

Your artist was severely taken to task by the ladies for holding up the Southern ladies to ridicule in pictures. The only defense open to that luckless citizen being, that if all the Southern ladies had exercised that dignity to which they have laid claim there would have been less chance to exhibit them in any light compromising their pride and self-importance.

NATCHEZ.

Having already sketched Natchez under the Hill, to make sure of it before the Mississippi had washed it into its bosom, the next thing was to take the picture of the more aristocratic portion on the bluff. So numerous are the trees and gardens that it is difficult to see much of the buildings from any point. This view from the cupola of the Marine Hospital is probably the best.

The River is a prominent as well as necessary part of the picture, as in all views of cities upon its banks. Then there is the Fort, with its inclosed buildings, surrounded by a ditch and palisade; and in front of that a knoll covered with tents, occupied, I believe, by white troops. On the left the Catholic Church is most noticeable. The Market-house, the Episcopal and other churches, can also be made out by the initiated. Natchez on the Hill was always claimed to be a very aristocratic place—in fact, the most select upon the river. As far as my observation goes it is clean, healthy, and pleasant, and appears to be more orderly than towns higher up the river. There is an ordinance against the opening of stores and places of business upon Sunday—so you do not meet a flaunting saloon on every square wide open to the street, as the custom is in so many places in Louisiana. The air of Sabbath stillness in the city of Natchez was very grateful after seeing how little the decent observance of that day obtained in other places upon the river. A number of gaps exist in the streets of Natchez, where houses have been burned, giving some parts of it a ruined appearance—probably the effects of private incendiarism, as Natchez has not suffered from any battles being fought near it, although it got bombarded once by the fleet, owing to the folly of some citizens who fired upon a boat which came ashore for ice. It is needless to state that the rapscallions who perpetrated that outrage were not property-owners, and if the inhabitants had been wise they would have given them up to the commander of the naval force. It was such tricks as this which brought destruction upon so many of the finest places along the river; although, if you ask a citizen of those parts why it happened, the answer is sure to be to the effect that it was all done in wantonness. The responsibility is mainly with those high-spirited young men who staid away from the army to indulge in a little safe shooting from behind the bushes. Of course it is not to be denied by an impartial witness that many cases occurred where no excuse existed for destruction.

Along the edge of the bluff—a fine cliff of about 150 feet in height—the city of Natchez has reserved a strip of land, fenced in and planted with trees—a delicious place for a walk at sundown in the fresh breeze, and affording a fine view of the river, stretching away to the right and left till it disappears in the bends.

The river has been so high here that, on the other side, the deer have been driven from their accustomed coverts to the levee, and in one place some twenty lay rotting where they had been shot in mere wantonness.

SUNDAY DUEL IN NEW ORLEANS.

The last Sunday your artist was in New Orleans he selected several scenes illustrative of the day, the first being a duel, to which he was hurried out at four o'clock in the morning. This was fought at the Half-way House, on the usual ground, such little settlements being by no means uncommon in the Crescent City, although but seldom reported for the news columns of the daily papers. This one was not mentioned or noticed in any way, although known to a good many folks before the day was out. The challenger was the husband of an actress at the French Opera-House. She—young, pretty, and married but three weeks—had already caused him to regard with jealousy a young actor named Hippolyte—hence the challenge. After the usual preparations the first shots were fired at fifteen paces, without results; the husband—who used his left hand, the right arm being disabled in some former duel—advanced a little, and another round followed with equally ungratifying (?) results. Infuriated husband approached still nearer, and at the third fire went down, shot through the leg. His opponent, clapping both hands on his head, fell insensible immediately after, as if struck through the brain; it was, however, but the effect of his horror at, as he supposed, having killed his man—the latter meanwhile declaring that he would have another round. It was sufficiently dramatic; and experts declared the men to have acquitted themselves very creditably. So the event proved an excellent topic for breakfast, and was revived with fresh interest at intervals throughout the day; the jealous husband meanwhile gnashing his teeth over his wounded leg and disappointed revenge—a beautiful instance of the utility of dueling!

A. R. W.

A SUNDAY A CENTURY AGO.

An old brown leather-covered book, the leaves yellow, the writing scarcely legible, from time and decay: evidently an old, neglected MS. To the fire or to my private shelf? Which?

These were my reflections as I looked over the papers of my late uncle, the rector of a Somersetshire village.

I liked the look of the book and decided for the shelf; and I had my reward, for I found in the crabbed characters a simple story, evidently written toward the close of the writer's life. This story I now transcribe into a more modern style.

"He'll be fit for nothing," said my father; "an awkward booby who holds his awl and cuts his food with his left hand."

So said my father, and so, alas! I felt. I *was* awkward. I was fifteen; thick-set, strong, but terribly clumsy. I could not make a collar, nor sew a pair of blinkers, nor stuff a saddle, nor do any thing that I ought to be able to do. My fingers seemed to have no mechanical feeling in them. I was awkward, and I knew it, and all knew it.

I was good-tempered; could write fairly, and read any thing; but I was awkward with my limbs; they seemed to have wills of their own; and yet I could dance as easily and lightly as any of my neighbors' sons.

"I don't know what he's fit for," said my father to the rector of the parish. "I've set him to carpentering, and he cut his finger nearly off with an axe; then he went to the smith, and burned his hands till he was laid up for a month. It's all of no use; he spoils me more good leather in a week than his earnings pay for in a month. Why can not he, like other Christians, use his hands as the good God meant him to? There! Look at him now, cutting that back strap for the squire with his left hand."

I heard him; the knife slipped, and the long strip of leather was divided in a moment and utterly spoiled.

"There now! look at that. A piece out of the very middle of the skin, and his finger gashed into the bargain."

The rector endeavored to soothe my father's anger, while I bandaged my finger.

"You'd better let him come up for that vase, Mr. Walters; I should like a case to fit it, for it's very fragile, as all that old Italian glass is; and line it with the softest leather, please."

And so I went with the rector to bring back the vase, taking two chamois leathers to bring it in.

We reached the house, and I waited in the passage while he went to fetch it. He came back with a large vase, tenderly wrapped in the leathers. Alas! At that moment there came from the room, against the door of which I was standing, the sound of a voice singing. A voice that thrilled me through—a voice I hear now as I write these lines—so clear, so sweet, so pure, it was as if an angel had revealed itself to me.

I trembled, and forgot the precious burden in my hands; it dropped to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

How shall I describe the rector's rage? I fear he said something for which he would have blushed in his calmer moments, and she came out.

She who had the angel-voice—his niece—came out, and I saw her. I forgot the disaster, and stood speechlessly gazing at her face.

"You awkward scoundrel! look at your work. Thirty pounds! Fifty pounds! An invaluable treasure gone irreparably in a moment! Why don't you speak? Why did you drop it?"

"Drop it," I said, waking up. "Drop what?" And then it flashed upon me again, and I stammered out, "She sang!"

"And if she did sing, was there any occasion to drop my beautiful vase, you doubly stupid blockhead? There, go out of the house, do, before you do any further mischief, and tell your father to horsewhip you for a stupid dolt."

I said nothing, did nothing, but only looked at her face, and went shambling away, a changed and altered being. There was a world where horse-collars and horse-shoes, tenons and mortices, right hands or left, entered not. That world I had seen; I had breathed its air and heard its voices.

My father heard of my misfortune, and laid the strap across my shoulders without hesitation, for in my young days boys were boys till eighteen or nineteen years old. I bore it patiently, uncomplainingly.

"What is he fit for?" every one would ask, and no one could answer, not even myself.

I wandered about the rectory in the summer evenings and heard her sing; I tried hard to get the old gardener to let me help him carry the watering-pots, and when I succeeded, felt, as I entered the rector's garden, that I was entering a paradise. Oh happy months when, after the horrible labors of the weary day, I used to follow the old gardener and hear her sing! My old withered heart beats fuller and freer when the memory comes back to me now.

Alas! alas! my awkwardness again banished me. She met me one evening in the garden as I was coming along the path with my cans full of water, and spoke to me, and said,

"You're the boy that broke the vase, aren't you?"

I did not, could not reply; my strength forsook me. I dropped my cans on the ground, where they upset and flooded away in a moment some seeds on which the rector set most especial store.

"How awkward, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "And how angry uncle will be!"

I turned and fled, and from that time the rectory gate was closed against me.

I led a miserably unhappy life for the next three years; I had only one consolation during the whole of that weary time. I saw her at church and heard her sing there. I could hear nothing else when she sang, clear and distinct, above the confused, nasal sounds that came from the voices of others—hers alone pure, sweet, and good. It was a blessed time. I would not miss a Sunday's service in church for all that might offer. Three good miles every Sunday there and back did I heavily plod to hear her, and feel well rewarded. I shared her joys and heaviness. I knew when she was happy, when oppressed; as a mother knows the tones of her child's voice, to the minutest shade of difference, so I could tell when her heart was light and when sad.

One Sunday she sang as I had never yet heard her, not loudly, but so tenderly, so lovingly; I knew the change had come—she loved; it thrilled in her voice; and at the evening service he was there. I saw him. A soldier, I knew, by his bearing, with cruel, hard, gray eyes; and she sang, I knew it. I detected a tremble and gratitude in the notes. I felt she was to suffer as I had suffered; not that I sang. I had no voice. A harsh guttural sound was all I could give utterance to. I could whistle like a bird, and often and often have I lain for hours in the shade of a tree and joined the concerts of the woods.

One day I was whistling, as was my wont, as I went through the street, when I was tapped on the shoulder by an old man, the cobbler of the next parish. I knew him from his coming to my father for leather occasionally.

"Sam, where did you learn that?"

"Learn what?"

"That tune."

"At church."

"You've a good ear, Sam."

"I've nothing else good, but I can whistle any thing."

"Can you whistle me the Morning Hymn?"

I did so.

"Good; very good. Know any thing of music, Sam?"

"Nothing."

"Like to?"

"I'd give all I have in the world to be able to play any thing. My soul's full of music. I can't sing a note, but I could play any thing if I were taught."

"So you shall, Sam, my boy. Come home with me. Carry these skins, and you shall begin at once."

I went home with him, and found that he was one of the players in the choir of his parish, his instrument being the violoncello. I took my first lesson, and from that time commenced a new life. Evening after evening, and sometimes during the day, I wandered over to his little shop, and while he sat, stitch, stitch, at the boots and shoes, I played over and over again all the music I could get from the church.

"You've a beautiful fingering, Sam, my boy, beautiful, and though it does look a little awkward to see you bowing away with your left, it makes no difference to you. You ought to be a fine player, Sam."

I was enthusiastic, but I was poor. I wanted an instrument of my own, but I had no money, and I earned none—I could earn none. My parents thought, and perhaps rightly, that if they found me food and clothing I was well provided for, and so for some twelve months I used the old cobbler's instrument, improving daily. It was strange that the limbs and fingers, so rigid and stiff for every other impulse should, under the influence of sound, move with such precision, ease, and exactness.

"Sam, my boy," said the cobbler, one day, "you shall have an instrument, and your father shall buy it for you, or the whole parish shall cry shame upon him."

"But he don't know a word of this," I said.

"Never mind, Sam, my boy, he shall be glad to know of it;" and he told me his plans.

At certain times it was customary for the choirs of neighboring churches to help each other, and it was arranged that the choir of our parish should play and sing on the next Sunday morning at his parish church, and that he and his choir should come over to our parish for the evening service.

"And you, Sam," said he, "shall take my place in your own church; and, please God, you do as well there as you've done here, it will be the proudest day I shall know, Sam, my boy, and your father and mother will say so too."

How I practiced, morning, noon, and night, for the great day; how the old man darkly hinted at a prodigy that was to be forthcoming at the festival; and then the day itself, with its events—all is as vivid before me as if it were but yesterday.

The evening came; and there, in the dimly-lit gallery I sat waiting, with my master beside me.

"Sam, my boy," said my master, "it's a great risk; it's getting very full. There's the squire and my lady just come in. Keep your eyes on your book and feel what you're playing, and think you're in the little shop; I've brought a bit of leather to help you," and he put a piece of that black leather that has a peculiar acid scent in front of me. The scent of it revived me; the memory of the many hours I had spent there came back to me at once, and I felt as calm as if I were indeed there.

She came at last, and service began. Oh, that night! Shall I ever forget its pleasures?—the wondering looks of the friends and neighbors who came and found in me, the despised, awkward, left-handed saddler's apprentice, the prodigy of which they had heard rumors. Oh, it was glorious! The first few strokes of my bow gave me confidence, and I did well, and knew it, through the hymn, through the chants, and on to the anthem before the sermon. That was to be the gem of the evening; it was Handel's then new anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

It began—harsh, inharmonious, out of tune—I know not why or how; but as it progressed a spell seemed upon all but her and myself; one by one the instruments ceased and were silent; one by one the voices died away and were lost, and she and I alone, bound together and driven on by an irresistible impulse, went through the anthem; one soul, one spirit, seemed to animate both. The whole congregation listened breathless as to an angel; and she, self-absorbed, and like one in a trance, sang, filling me with a delicious sense of peace and exultation, the like of which I have never known since.

It came to an end at last, and with the last triumphant note I fell forward on the desk in a swoon.

When I recovered I found myself at home in my own room, with the rector, the doctor, and my parents there, and heard the doctor say,

"I told you he would, my dear Madam; I knew he would."

"Thank God!" murmured my mother. "My dear boy, how we have feared for you!"

What a difference! I was courted and made much of. "Genius!" and "Very clever!" and "delightful talent!" such were the expressions I now heard, instead of "stupid!" "awkward!" and "unfit for any thing!"

My father bought a fine instrument; and I was the hero of the village for months.

It was some days after that Sunday that I ventured to ask about the rector's niece.

"My dear boy," said my mother; "the like was never heard. We saw you there and wondered what you were doing; but as soon as we saw you with the bow, we knew you must be the person there'd been so much talk about; and then, when the anthem came, and we all left off singing, and they all left off playing, and only you and Miss Cecilia kept on, we were all in tears. I saw even the rector crying; and, poor girl, she seemed as if in a dream, and so did you; it was dreadful for me to see you with your eyes fixed on her, watching her so eagerly. And then to look at her, staring up at the stained glass window as if she could see through it, miles and miles away into the sky. Oh, I'm sure, the like never was! and then, when you fell down, I screamed, and your father ran up and carried you down and brought you home in Farmer Slade's four-wheeler."

After this I had an invitation to go up to the rectory, and there, in the long winter evenings, we used to sit; and while I played she sang. Oh, those happy times! when she loved me, but only as a dear friend; and I loved her as I never had loved before or could love again. I do not know the kind of love I had for her. I was but a little older than she was, but I felt as a father might feel to his daughter; a sweet tenderness and love that made me pitiful to her. I knew she loved a man unworthy of her, and I think, at times, she felt this herself, and knew I felt it.

I was perfectly free of the rector's house at last, and we used to find in our music a means of converse that our tongues could never have known. Ah, me—those days! Gone! Alas! they are gone.

She left us at last, and in a few years her motherless child came back in her place, and as I again sit in the old rectory parlor, years and years after my first visit, with her daughter beside me singing—but, alas! not with her mother's voice—all the old memories flood back upon me, and I feel a grateful, calm joy in the openly-shown respect and affection of the daughter of her whom I loved so silently, so tenderly, and so long.

I sit in the old seat in the church now and play; and, once in the year, the old anthem; but the voice is gone that filled the old church as with a glory that day I feel, as the sounds swell out, and the strings vibrate under my withered fingers, I am but waiting to be near her under the old yew-tree outside, and it may be, nearer to her still in the longed-for future.

UNFORGOTTEN.

SWEET Lady mine, the faded rose
  Is often dearer than the flower
Fresh-gathered; so each memory grows
  More precious since the parting hour:
And all Love's artist-hand can give
  Of glowing tint and tender shade
Is with me, that your face may live
  In colors that can never fade.

And still my fancy paints you near,
  Though all the room is lone and bare;
And oft at eventide I hear
  Your phantom footstep on the stair;
A presence in the gathering gloom
  Thrills all my pulses with delight,
And seems to glorify the room
  With loveliness denied my sight.

And little reck I that long miles
  Of smiling lands and foamy sea
Divide us; love at distance smiles,
  And holds the willing winds in fee;
And every wind that racks the clouds,
  Or gently moulds them in the blue,
Bears love-thoughts in tumultuous crowds,
  Or softly wafts a prayer for you.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEXT day Lily and Primrose had gone out to the work-shop to inspect the boxes and see how the new tools looked by daylight, when Clover came running out, her face beaming with pleasure.

"Now just listen! only do but listen!" she said, holding up a little sheet of pink paper. "Here's a note from Maria Jarvis, to ask us to spend a *whole* day with her—it's to be to-morrow, and mamma says we may go."

"Splendid!" cried Lily; "was that what kept you so long?"

"Yes," said Clover, "for I had to write an answer, you know; and that took me a good while."

"But you hadn't any pink paper," said Lily, taking the note.

"No; but mamma says she thinks white is quite as pretty."

"I don't," said Lily. "What a nice note! Oh, isn't it charming!"

"Yes," said Clover; "and I think we can learn so much about flowers, because they have so many. So Maria told me, that day at the Jordans."

"'Chestnut Hill,'" said Lily, studying the note.

"Yes, we've never been that way," said Clover, "because the winter road's so bad; and the family were away too. But mamma says it's a mile or two beyond Hiccory Corner, so it's at least six or eight from here. Mamma don't know exactly."

"The farther the better," said Lily. "I'd like to get *ever* so far from home, for once."

"Why, Lily!" exclaimed Primrose. "And from mamma, and all?"

"Just for once," Lily repeated. "To see how it feels. Clover, I do think we're the happiest children! There were the tools last night—our dear tools, and here's this to-day. And I dare say something will come to-morrow—our seeds, maybe."

"Oh no! *they* won't be here for several days," said Clover.

"I would not expect them for at least a week more," said Sam, who came in just then.

"But why?" said Lily.

"It takes so long for letters to go and for answers to come. And then a seedsman must serve his customers in regular order; and there might have been fifty names down in his book before yours got there, and then there would be fifty packages of seed to send off before he could send yours."

"Fifty people wanting seeds!" said little Primrose, with whom the world seemed to be all turning to gardens at once.

"Ay, and a good many fifties!" said Sam, laughing. "Never mind, Prim, the fifty-first parcel will have its turn."

"But, Sam," said Lily, "do you know we're going away to-morrow?"

"I have heard. There—that box is about finished."

"And, Sam," said little Primrose, eagerly, "if we go way beyond Hiccory Corner, don't you think we might stop just *one* minute for the watering-pots?"

"Doubtless," replied Sam, "or three minutes. Perhaps a minute for each watering-pot will not be too much. Now, young ladies, I have done my part toward your green-houses, or window-boxes, or whatever you choose to call them, you must do the rest."

"You haven't told us what to do yet," said Lily.

"These boxes," replied Sam, "have, you perceive, a sloping top made of glass. You will also observe that the panes of glass are movable. Now when the boxes are in use the sloping roof must be turned toward the sun, so as to get the light and heat. But if the heat becomes too great—in a very warm day, for instance—then a pane of glass can be lifted, so—or taken quite off, to give the plants fresh air."

"What a beautiful contrivance!" said Clover.

"But the seeds aren't to be planted just in the box, are they?" said Primrose.

"Ah!" said Sam, "that brings us to another branch of the subject. But you must come to another work-shop for that."

So Sam laid down his hammer and led the way to another little outhouse, which seemed to be for the express purpose of holding every thing that would not go any where else. Odds and ends of all sorts were piled up and strewed about; and among the rest there stood a great box of earth and a quantity of flower-pots.

"Learned people do say," observed Sam, "that beginners should never plant their seeds in pots; but when nothing else can be had beginners must do as best they can."

"What should they use?" said Lily.

"Shallow boxes or pans. But, as I said, these must do. Here are the pots all ready, you see, and here is the beginning of the earth you want to fill them."

"Why, Sam," said Primrose, "I should think that was earth enough to fill a thousand flower-pots!"

"Yes, and more too," said Lily. "Pretty large beginning, *I* should think."

"But the thing is," said Sam, "that there isn't earth here to fill *one* flower-pot—not of the right kind. This is only sand and old sifted manure. It wants earth, common earth out of the garden, and some vegetable mould out of the woods; and we can not get either till the ground thaws a little, so it's just as well the seeds are not here."

"Sam, what is vegetable mould?" said Clover.

"The earth made by decayed leaves and wood."

"What's the use of mixing so many things together?" said Lily. "It's a great deal of trouble."

"It will be some to me, for I must get the mould from the woods myself," said Sam; "but the use is, that plants grow better, just as you would not thrive half so well upon bread alone, or one kind of meat, as you do upon meat and bread and vegetables and fruit."

"Why, do plants eat?" said little Primrose.

"Of course they do; and they're almost as different in their eating as people are. Some are called "gross feeders," because they eat every thing before them—"exhaust the soil," as gardeners say; some can not grow very near other plants, because they want so much; or perhaps those other plants are "gross feeders," and starve them out. Some must be constantly supplied with the richest soil, others pick up a living any where and any how. Some must have sand, some demand clay; some are always thirsty, others like dry weather; and some do nothing but drink for one part of the year, and then never touch a drop all the rest."

"Oh, Sam!" said Clover, "it's perfectly delightful!"

"Then I guess I'll have to be careful with my little watering-pot," said Primrose. "Because I might water something that would not like it at all!"

"Not many garden plants are so *very* particular," said Sam. "You'll see some of the notional ones in Mr. Jarvis's green-house to-morrow."

"Sam," said Clover, "are all these notions, as you call them, derived—I mean do they all come—just as the tender and hardy and half-hardy nature, from the native country of the plant?"

"*I* think," said Sam, "that it's the nature of the plant that makes its native country, or its native soil. Plants are made to be just so notional, I think, so that some one of them may grow on every spot of earth—hot or cold, wet or dry, rich or poor. We put all sorts together in a garden, and they live and flourish there after a fashion; but left to itself, each wild plant chooses its home. The seeds of water-plants will not open on the dry land, nor those of land-plants in the wet; and in the woods, where all places look so much alike to us, you will find one sort of flower blooming here and another there; and maybe not a second patch of either kind within half a mile. Now there are, for instance, two kinds of squirrel-cups—one variety chooses to grow on the north side of hills and ridges, and the other almost always on the south side.

"Oh, what are squirrel-cups?" said Primrose.

"Dear little early spring flowers—you'll see by-and-by, when we've had a little mild weather. I saw a pretty thing of that sort—talking of notions," Sam went on—"when I was at Thornbrake. There was a beautiful wild flower in the woods there, called the chimaphila; but it never grew any where but in the woods, under the pine-trees, and would not live in the garden at all. Well, three or four years before, Mr. Austin had set out a young silver pine on his lawn; and at last it was growing well. And now a little bunch of chimaphilas had suddenly come to establish themselves at the foot of this one tree, standing there on the lawn all by itself. There they grew and bloomed in its shade."

"But, Sam," *how* did they come?" said Primrose, very much interested.

"Ah! that I can't tell you," said Sam. "Some seed may have been dropped there, or have lodged in the tree roots when it was dug up. But I suppose you might have planted bushels of chimaphila seed under any other tree on the lawn, and not one would have come up."

"Sam," said Lily, suddenly, "don't you think pink note-paper is a *great* deal more elegant than white?"

"Pink note-paper!" ejaculated Sam; and by way of answer, he caught up Primrose to his shoulder, and rushed out of the old shed and along the gravel-walks at full speed to the house. Lily and Clover followed, laughing and out of breath.

"Now, Sam! what did that mean?" said Lily, when he had set Primrose down in the sitting-room at her mother's side.

"It means—Good-afternoon!" said her brother, walking off demurely.

"Well," said Lily, "I guess it's just as good he's gone, for you know, Clover, we've got to lay out our things for to-morrow. Mamma, what frocks shall we wear?"

"Mamma," said little Primrose, "if we go through Hiccory Corner, may we go just a *little* earlier, so as to get the watering-pots? Three minutes would do, Sam said."

"Did Sam say that?" asked Mrs. May, smiling; "I think he was greatly mistaken."

"No, mamma, not just that—Prim didn't understand," said Clover. "Sam said three minutes would not be too much. And oh, mamma, he's been telling us such beautiful things! where plants grow, and all that—the differences between them. Mamma, do you think King David knew a great deal about flowers?"

"His son Solomon did," said Mrs. May. "I don't know how it was with David. Why, love?"

"I thought he might," said Clover, blushing and hesitating a little. "You know, mamma, what he wrote: 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all.' And Sam was telling us such wonderful things. No one could have arranged it all but God."

"'He hath made every thing beautiful in his time,'" answered her mother. "'He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains, and herbs for the food of man.' 'O Lord my God, thou art very great!'"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.—Jews.

THE TIME O' DAY.—An Irishman of our acquaintance, with a leaning for potheen, being asked what part of the day he liked best, answered, without hesitation, the "still" hours of night.

A witty Doctor of Divinity, whose physicians had ordered him for a time on a purely vegetable diet, demurred, on the ground that "he should not be able to say grace before meat."

LIGHT AS HAIR.—A friend of ours who has a comic vein, describes the method of dyeing hair the fashionable color as the carotid art-ery.

TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HEARING HER SING A POPULAR SONG.

You "wish you were a bird!"
Pray, don't be so absurd.
A girl of your size and age
Wouldn't like to be in a cage,
And fed on canary seed—
A fine bird you'd make, indeed;
How would you like to be
Obliged to live in a tree,
Holding on by your feet,
With flies and worms to eat?
I'm sure you'd get no rest,
Tucked up in a nasty nest.
You'd never have new things,
But be always dressed in wings;
Out in all sorts of weathers,
And not even a change of feathers
How would you manage to speak,
With such a ridiculous beak?
Or to eat without ricking your neck,
Bobbing up and down for a peck?
And as for wanting to fly
Round about in the sky,
Rubbish! it's all my eye!
Do leave off being absurd,
And wishing to be a bird.

The very polite Lord Chesterfield happened to find himself in company with the Countess of Huntingdon and Mrs. Macaulay. Lady Huntingdon, with her usual zeal, endeavored to introduce the subject of serious religion, and declared herself to be a very shocking miserable sinner, which gave his Lordship the much wished-for chance of retiring. He rose, made a most profound bow, and retired with these characteristic words: "I never yet was in any room or company where I could stay and hear the excellent Lady Huntingdon abused. I am therefore under the immediate necessity of bidding your Ladyship good-morrow. Mrs. Macaulay, your most obedient."

A landlady, who had some very weak chicken broth for dinner the other day, was asked by one of her boarders if she couldn't coax that chicken to wade through that soup once more!

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.—At the next Meeting of the Horticultural Society a Paper will be read "On the Coolness of the Cucumber."

WASTE PAPER.—Diplomatic Notes.

A negro woman was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of color, and among other things she said she had been in heaven. One of the ladies of color asked her:

"Sister, did you see any black folks in heaven?"

"Oh! get out! you s'pose I go in de kitchen when I was dar?"

The young ladies of Swamptown have passed the following resolution: "Resolved, that if we, the young ladies of Swamptown, don't get married this year, somebody will be to blame."

A recent lecturer on common law says that, according to that code, "a woman when she married lost her identity, her distinctive character, and was like a dew-drop swallowed by a sunbeam."

An Irishman having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window was making the best of his way to get out of sight as well as mind; but, unfortunately for Pat, the proprietor stole a march on him, and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed:

"You broke my window, fellow, did you not?"

"To be sure I did," said Pat; "and didn't you see me running home for money to pay for it?"

A young chap residing not far from Red River, where high-water, with loss of fences, etc., has been the latest excitement, hearing some one remark that Herod the Great reigned thirty-seven years, "Aunt Mary," he asked, "don't you reckon that raised the river?"

A justice in an Eastern town, better versed in law than Gospel, not long since married a couple in this way: "Hold up your hands. You solemnly swear that you will faithfully perform the duties of your office, jointly and severally, according to your best skill and judgment, so help you God. That's all—fee one dollar."

The right man in the right place is a husband at home in the evening.

A New Bedford Friend recently explained to her new domestic, that washing day came on every Second Day. The girl left in high dudgeon. She didn't go to be washing every other day! Not she.

An Irishman, giving his testimony in one of our courts, a few days since, in a riot case, said, "Be jabers, the first man I saw coming at me, when I got up, was two brick-bats."

Sydney Smith, in writing to a friend, said, "Unfortunately the house is full of cousins—would they were once removed!"

"Do you suppose that you can do the landlord in the 'Lady of Lyons?'" said a manager to a seedy actor in quest of an engagement. "I should think I might," was the reply; "I have done a great many landlords."

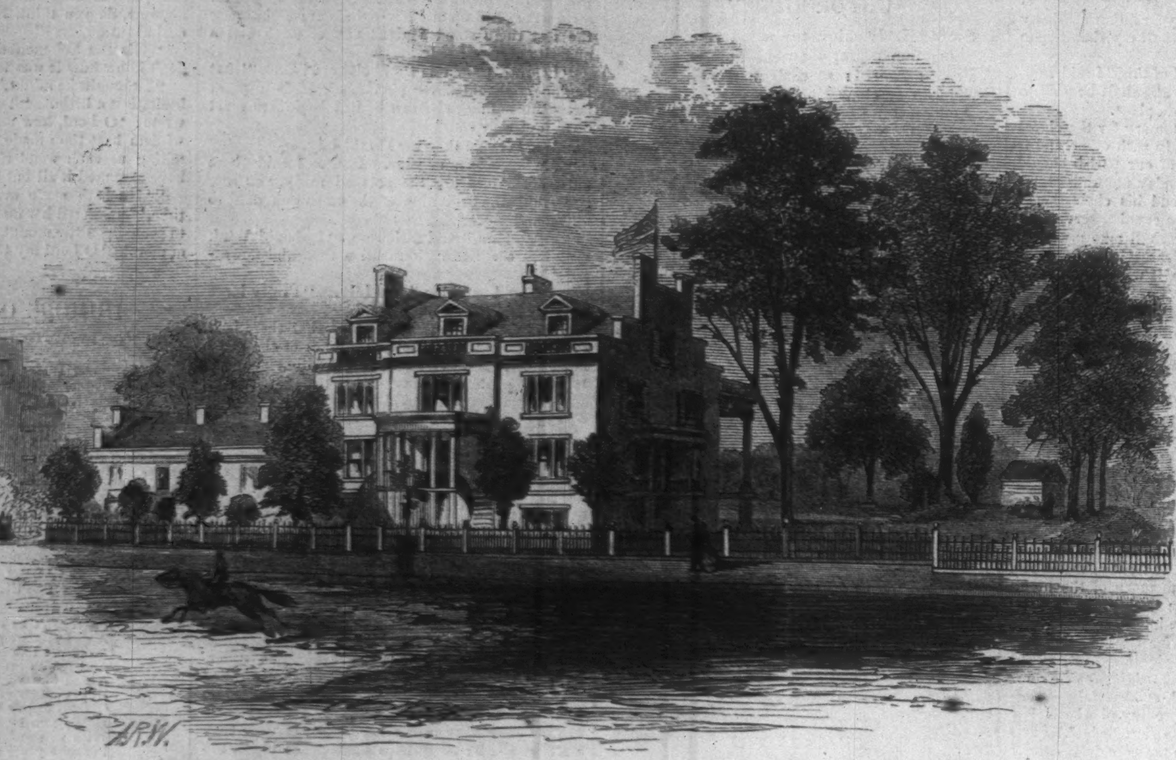
After rolling all night in your berth at sea till you are miserably sick, to have a steward open your door in the morning and ask you if you'll have a *fresh* roll for breakfast, is certainly very irritating.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends," as a pig remarked when contemplating the kink in his tail.

Why should there be no free seats in a church?—Because you ought not to be made good *for nothing*.

RESIDENCE OF Mrs. VAN LEW.

Among the many points of interest to be shown to every Union man visiting Richmond there is, perhaps, no one more deserving of notice than the one selected for illustration on this page. The late war called forth many heroic characters, whose deeds have been proclaimed through the civilized world; but there are many whose works, although unobtrusive, and hitherto unheralded, have been such as to do honor to the American name—indeed, to the human race; and of that noble band we know of none more deserving of a nation's gratitude and applause than the estimable lady and her daughter who form the subject of these remarks. As long as a Florence Nightingale or a Grace Darling are remembered with love and respect by all possessing a human heart the names of Mrs. Van Lew and her daughter will be treasured.



VIEW OF THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. JOHN VAN LEW, ON CHURCH HILL, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

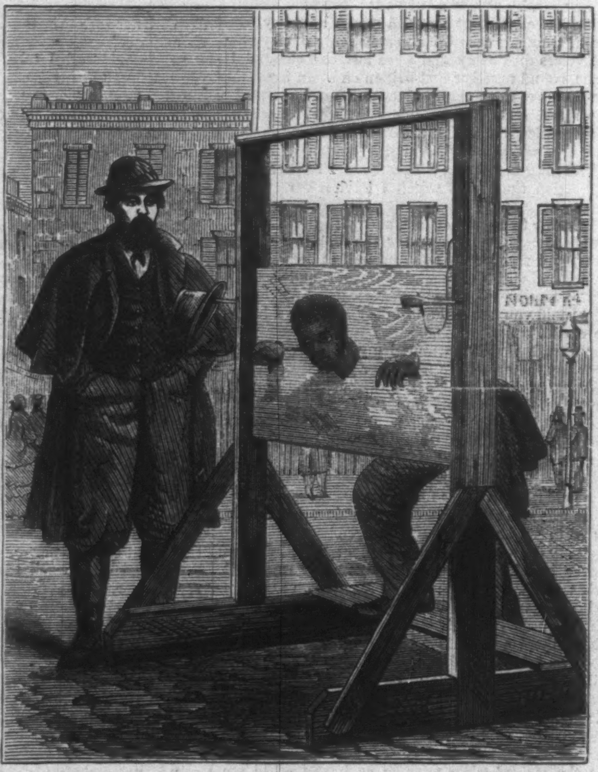
Every Union soldier who has ever pined in the prisons of the Libby or Belle Isle will remember well and bless the very sight of these names; but for the benefit of the general reader it may be well to state who and what they are.

Mrs. Van Lew, now an aged lady, is the widow of Mr. John Van Lew, a wealthy hardware merchant of Richmond, who died, much respected and lamented, in September, 1843, after a very long residence in that city. The estimation in which he was held in that community can best be gleaned from the following obituary notice, clipped from one of the leading Richmond papers of that day:

"He sunk to rest lamented by a large circle of friends, and will long be remembered alike for his useful and well-directed energies as a citizen, and for the goodness and charities of his heart. His good deeds had a reward here, but 'in the rising blossom promise more.'"

Mrs. Van Lew and her family, consisting of a son and a daughter, succeeded to large property by the energy and enterprise of her deceased husband. She is the descendant of an old Huguenot family, and is understood to have representatives, on both father's and mother's side, in the old Revolutionary War. She was always one of those who held the most intense—indeed, almost romantic—attachment to the Union of these States; and the principles she ever entertained toward her country have been profitably instilled into her no less zealous and enthusiastic daughter.

The situation of two ladies so situated during the war, and among a whole community entertaining opinions well known to be perfectly hostile to their own, is such as few in the North can even imagine. The few prominent Southern men which the war revealed of the stripe of Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, Petigru of South Carolina, John Minor Botts of Virginia, Talliaferró of Louisiana, Charles Anderson (late Governor of Ohio), and A. J. Hamilton, both of Texas, are beacon-lights of high moral and physical courage that will go down to history as heroes. But what estimate shall be put upon the moral courage of *Woman* when subjected to similar dangers, trials, and social proscription? Perched on their quiet and ostracized homestead, on the summit of Church Hill, overlooking the turbulent sea of frenzied passions rolling beneath their feet, there were oftentimes when these brave ladies—for merely being known to be antagonistic to the destruction of their whole country, and administering to the necessities of those who had bled and suffered in its defense—were in imminent personal peril. They were the subjects of constant espionage, and the most slanderous abuse in the public papers. They were constantly receiving the most threatening anonymous letters; their friends of long years' standing deserted them as they would lepers; and "men" have been even known to shake the forefinger upbraidingly in their faces on the public street.



NEGRO IN STOCKS—A SCENE IN FLORIDA.—[See Page 446.]

How far public feeling in Richmond ran against them during the war can best be seen by the one or two following extracts from the public papers, taken from a number of similar ones:

> "Southern Women with Northern Sympathies.—Two ladies, mother and daughter, living on Church Hill, have lately attracted public notice by their assiduous attentions to the Yankee prisoners confined in this city....The largest human charity can find ample scope in kindness and attention to our own poor fellows who have been stricken down while battling for our country and our rights. The Yankee wounded have been put under charge of competent surgeons and provided with good nurses. This is more than they deserve and have any right to expect; and the course of these two females in providing them with delicacies, buying them books, stationery, and paper, can not but be regarded as an evidence of sympathy amounting to an indorsation of the cause and conduct of these Northern Vandals."

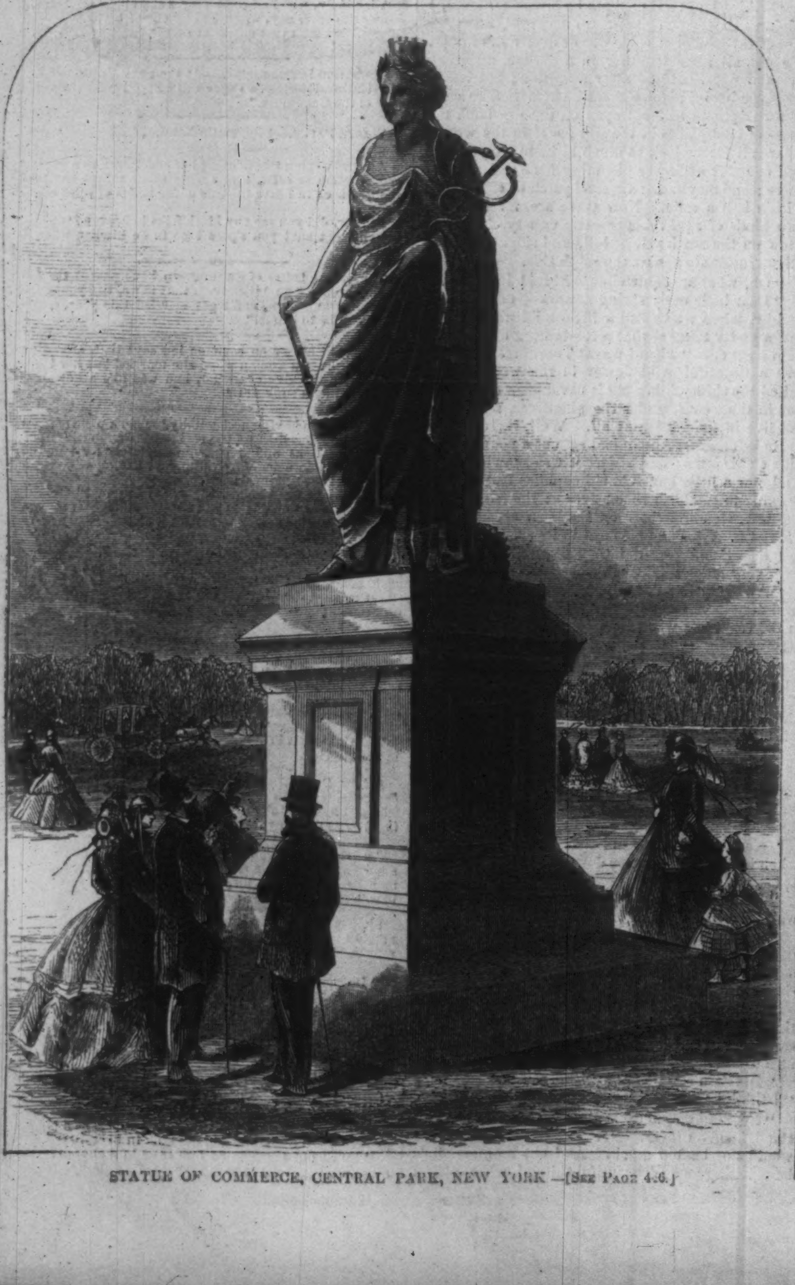
Another paper, after the grossest personal abuse of them, says:

> "If such people do not wish to be exposed and dealt with as alien enemies to the country, they would do well to cut stick while they can do so with safety to their worthless carcasses."

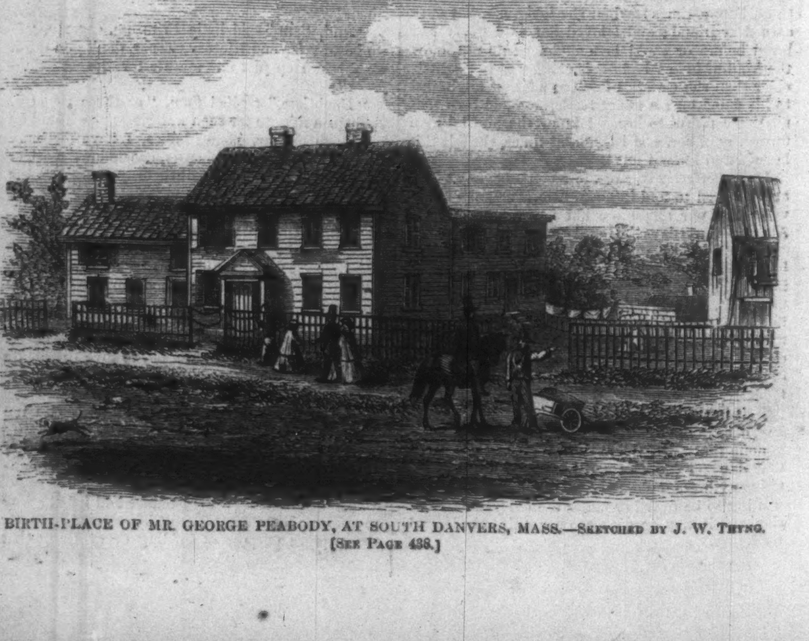
How the writers of such paragraphs, if still living, must blush at a reperusal of them in calmer and more sober moments! To them, most assuredly, can not be applied the poet's magnificent boast that they never penned

"One word which, dying, they would wish to blot."

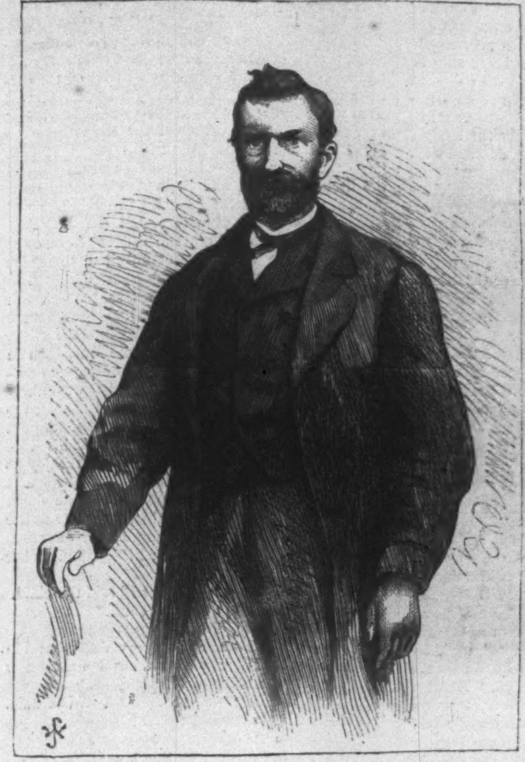
These ladies are now living in most peaceful retirement, and spending their means—painfully reduced through the war—as they have always done, in quiet acts of individual charity. Their home is a perfect picture of rural beauty—as lovely a spot



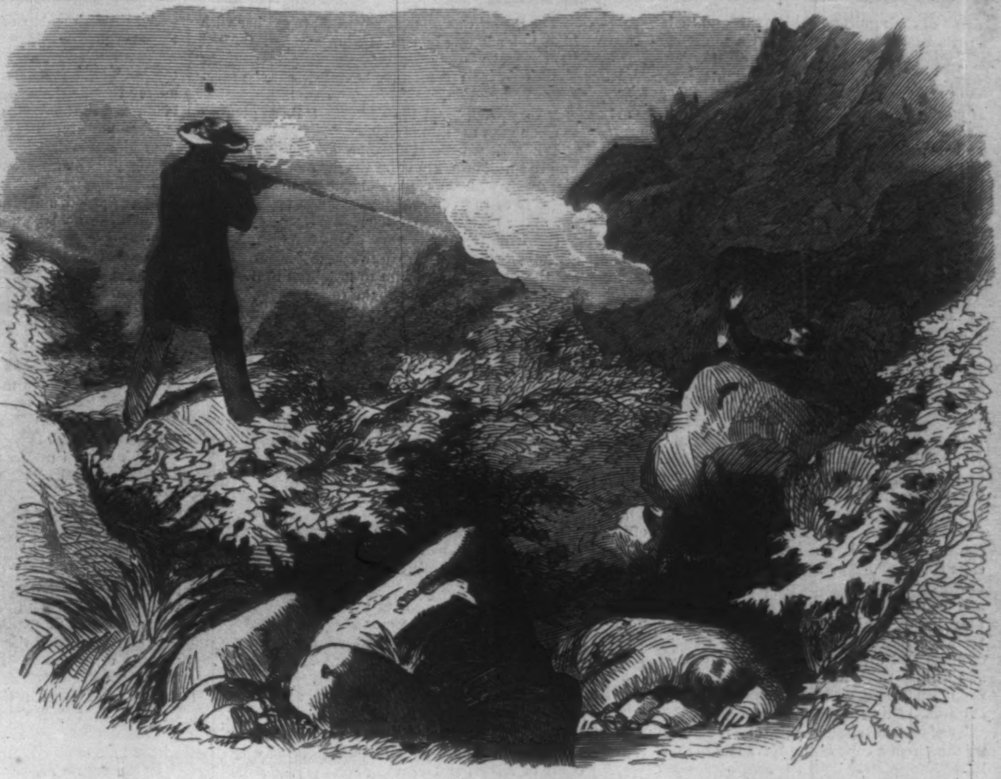
STATUE OF COMMERCE, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.—[See Page 446.]



BIRTH-PLACE OF MR. GEORGE PEABODY, AT SOUTH DANVERS, MASS.—Sketched by J. W. Thyng.
[See Page 438.]



STEPHEN VENARD, THE NEVADA DETECTIVE.



"VENARD SENT A BALL CRASHING THROUGH HIS BRAIN."

as is to be seen about Richmond, prolific as it is in beautiful sites. From its spacious gardens, exquisitely terraced along the declivity on which it is perched, a sublime and spacious view of the winding James is embraced, extending all the way to Drury's Bluff; while the magnificent shade trees, cool alcoves, and rich lawns present, in summer, one of the most tempting and delicious resorts it is possible to conceive.

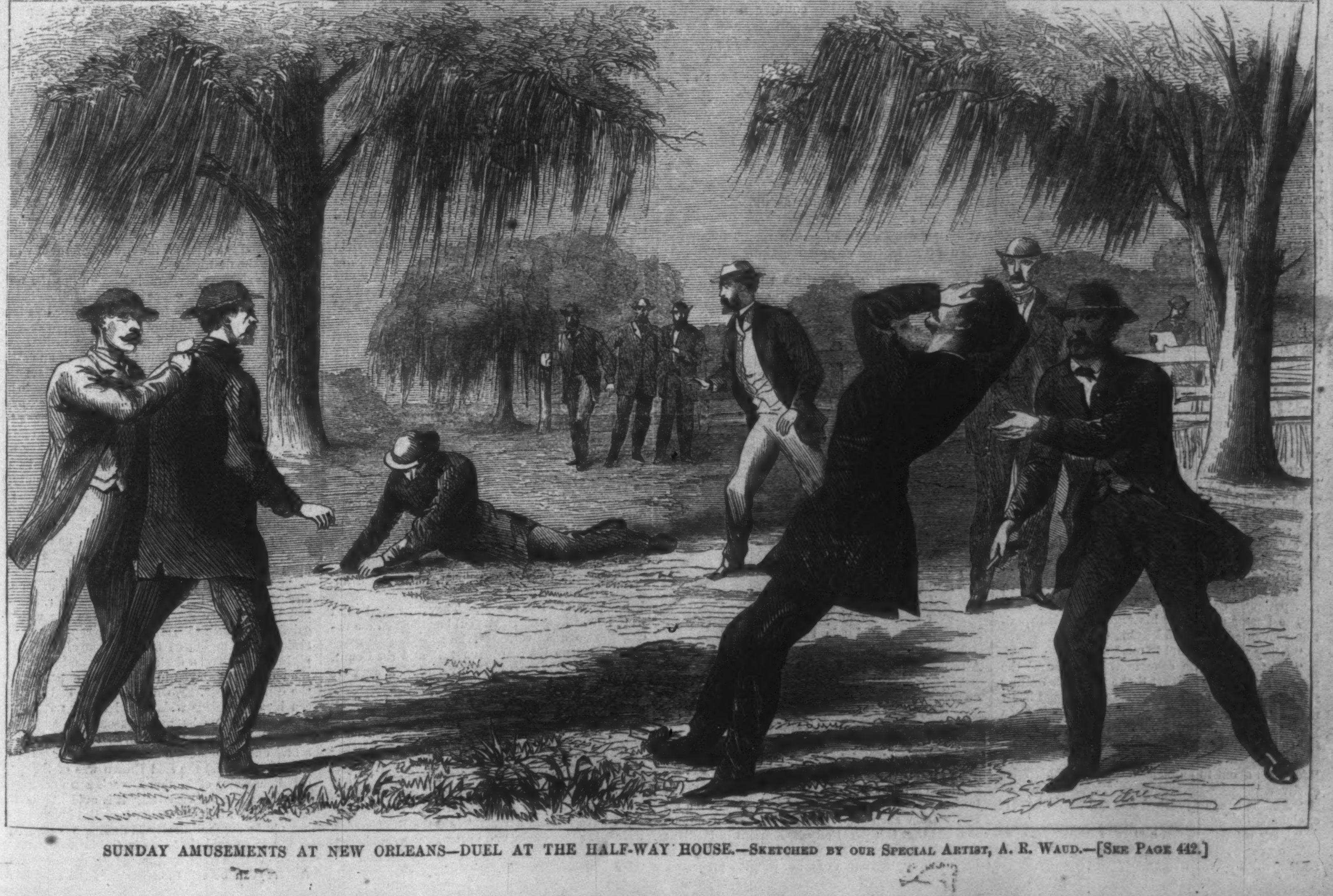
AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

The subject of this sketch, **Stephen Venard**, was born at Lebanon, Warren County, Ohio, in 1824. He was once elected Marshal of Nevada City, California, and for several years past has been a policeman at that place, in which occupation he acquired an enviable reputation as a man of courage, nerve, and judgment in every thing pertaining to the ferreting out and capture of desperadoes, such as infest the mining localities of California. But it was on the fifteenth day of May last that **Venard** succeeded in accomplishing one of the most daring exploits that have ever been recorded.

Nevada County, famous for the productiveness of its gold mines, has for years past been infested with a number of daring highwaymen, and scarcely a day passed but that the papers chronicled some robbery on travelers, and not unfrequently the stages plying between the mountain towns were stopped, and express treasure and passengers robbed of thousands of dollars. These "road agents," as they were called, collected more toll than the toll-keepers, and they made toll roads of free roads.

At four o'clock on the morning of May 15, as the San Juan stage was within five miles of Nevada, three men armed with revolvers appeared in front of the horses and ordered the driver to halt. The passengers, eight in all, were compelled to get out of the stage, searched for their arms, marched to one side of the road, and were guarded by two of the bandits who covered the party with their revolvers. **Wells, Fargo, & Co.** had $8000 in treasure on board, which was in an iron safe, built in the coach under the driver's seat. This safe they attempted to break open with a sledge but failed. They then used powder, and after trying twice, succeeded in blowing the safe open. After taking out the treasure they ordered the passengers to get in and the driver to drive on. In thirty-two minutes from the time of starting the stage arrived at Nevada City, and the news of the robbery was made known. By six o'clock Sheriff **Gentry**, **Venard**, and four others started for the spot, which was on the down grade near Black's Bridge, on the South Yuba. The party divided in order to scour the country. **Venard**, and a man named **Lee**, found the trail of the robbers, which seemed likely to lead to another road crossing the Yuba, about three miles below the road above-named. **Lee** went back to take their horses around to the other road, and give information to others of the party if he should see the robbers, and of the course they appeared to be taking. **Venard** followed the trail alone till it struck the Yuba, near the mouth of Myers's Ravine. On examination he found that the robbers had not crossed the river or the ravine. The face of the country at this point was exceedingly rocky and precipitous and rapid progress was impossible. **Venard** was impressed with the fact that he was in the vicinity of their retreat and proceeded cautiously. With his sixteen-shooter rifle (**Herrz**'s patent) in his hands cocked, he stepped a few feet above him on a rock. Huge rocks were above and around him, and smaller ones between. An opening or fissure in the latter led to the larger ones, and sitting at the base of the latter, and within 14 feet of him, he saw two of the robbers. Their eyes were upon him, their hands even grasping their revolvers. Not a second was to be lost, and to attempt to retreat was death. **Venard** had no wish to retreat and no desire to die, and so he shot one of them through the heart. The second robber slipped into a cleft in the rocks, while his hand and pistol showed over the top, pointing at **Venard**. The latter had his trusty rifle at his shoulder, aimed at the very spot where he anticipated the robber's head would appear in order to take aim. The instant his head came partly above the rocks **Venard** sent a ball crashing through his brain. And here was another wonderful instance of coolness.

Venard was aware that there was still another close by, and for aught he knew might be concealed behind some rocks and might fire upon him at any moment. He was alone. None of his comrades were within a mile of him. The thought flashed into his mind that if he should retreat from his position the third robber (and for aught he knew there might be half a dozen left yet) might take the treasure and escape with it, in which case he might be charged with murdering two innocent men. Acting upon this thought he went to the spot where the men were shot and found the treasure—the best evi-



SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS AT NEW ORLEANS—DUEL AT THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.—Sketched by our Special Artist, A. R. Waud.—[See Page 442.]

dence of their guilt. Taking this and their revolvers he hastily covered them with some leaves near by. He then proceeded with cautious steps up a steep point on the other side of a torrent of water that was pouring down the ravine to discover, if possible, the remaining robber. About 100 yards above he saw him clambering up the almost inaccessible side of the mountain. He fired, and the man fell for an instant, and then continued on his way. Another shot and the robber stopped his course, stared at Venard a moment, and then his head fell, and his body rolled down the hill about forty feet.

Shortly after this Sheriff Gentry and his party arrived, the dead bodies were visited, and the bags of money brought to Nevada and delivered to Wells, Fargo, & Co. before one o'clock on the same day the robbery was committed. During the afternoon a coroner's jury was summoned and went to the scene of death, accompanied by a large number of citizens. A more lonely, rough, and inaccessible spot could scarcely be conceived. The bodies were carried by hand with great difficulty for three-fourths of a mile, and then brought to town in a wagon. It is needless to add that the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide, and exonerated Venard from all legal responsibility for the commission of the act. Immediately after the robbery was made public Wells, Fargo, & Co. offered a reward of $3000 for the recovery of the treasure, which Venard obtains. When we consider the circumstances of Venard's following alone on the trail of three desperate men, fully armed, and on the alert for the avengers of the law, that they knew were on their track, tracing them to their den, miles from any human habitation, and by coolness and celerity of action saving his own life and killing these Ishmaelites of the chaparral and mountain jungle, we confess our admiration of such heroism. No romance could depict greater bravery.

The following closing notice of Stephen Venard we take from a copy of the Nevada *Transcript*, published immediately after the occurrence:

> "It can not be denied that this feat of Steve Venard's is a splendid one, and never excelled in the State. It displays a coolness, courage, and skill of a most extraordinary character. It must live as an event in the history of our county, and the criminal history of the country. A safe is robbed at half past four in the morning by three robbers of $8000. One man follows the daring villains to their den, kills them all at four shots, and restores the money to the owners at two o'clock of the same day. If this act is not worthy of reward we know of no act that is. We hope, in addition to the reward offered by Wells, Fargo, & Co., that the Board of Supervisors will vote a handsome sum. It is but just that those who peril life for the good of society should receive the reward of their merit."

Venard has since received an appointment as officer on the staff of the Governor of Nevada.

STATUE OF COMMERCE, CENTRAL PARK.

Mr. Stephen B. Guion has presented to the Central Park Commissioners a bronze Statue of Commerce, to be placed in Central Park as soon as the pedestal is finished. This statue cost $20,000 in gold; and from what we learn is a splendid affair. It was on exhibition in Paris after it was finished, and was highly commended as a work of art. It is now at the Central Park.

Mr. Guion is a native of this city, but is now one of the leading merchants in Liverpool, England—of the American house of Guion & Co. at that port—and he takes this method of testifying his devotion to the place of his nativity.

NEGRO IN STOCKS.

The illustration shows a mode of punishment common in Florida. It is copied from a photograph taken in the streets of Apalachicola. The negro was thus punished for an assault upon a white man. The white man represented in the picture is the sheriff who is carrying out the sentence of the court, according to which the negro was to be kept in the pillory for one hour and ten minutes. Is this the way in which white people are punished for assault and battery in Florida, we wonder? If not, and there is a distinct class of penalties for black men, is it not proper that Congress, if necessary, should take measures to abrogate a distinction so manifestly unjust?

THE PASTOR.

Some years ago the pulpit of St. Peter's, one of the principal German churches in St. Petersburg, was filled by Pastor B——t, who, like most of the preachers of that wealthy sect, had amassed a considerable fortune, and was much esteemed and beloved by his congregation. Not a day passed without numerous applications to him for assistance of various kinds, and none were sent away without a word of consolation or a more substantial gift.

One day, as he was compelled by indisposition to keep his room, a woman came and craved his interference. She had lately removed to St. Petersburg with her husband, who was a goldsmith, and who had succeeded in establishing himself so well that he earned an ample support for both of them; but he made her wretched by his persistent and outrageous ill-treatment, without the slightest provocation or retort on her part—all of which she had until now patiently endured.

The Pastor expressed his regret that indisposition prevented him from leaving the house.

"Bring your husband to me," said he.

"That will be no easy matter," returned the woman; "for if he suspect that a rebuke is waiting for him he will not come. No. He must know nothing of it beforehand. But if I tell him that you wish to buy something from him, then he will not fail to wait upon your reverence."

"That is a lucky thought!" said the Pastor, "for I am about to purchase a complete tea-service of silver."

"And he has just finished a very beautiful one!" exclaimed the woman.

"Very well, then, tell him to bring it."

The next day the goldsmith came with his chest, accompanied by the woman.

The Pastor was secretly surprised to see her with him, but advanced to meet him, saying: "Aha! the silver?"

"Yes, your reverence, I have brought the service as you desired."

"Very well," said the Pastor. "Be so good as to come with me into my study."

When they were alone the good clergyman began to speak urgently upon the duty of a husband, and dwelt with impressive eloquence upon the sacredness of the vow which married partners make before the altar to each other.

His listener seemed very much astonished, and several times attempted to interrupt his discourse, but the Pastor begged him to hear him to the end. "What excuse can you make for your conduct?" asked he, in conclusion. "What is the cause of it? You look so mild and so good-tempered, my friend. How comes it that you are such a bad husband?"

"But let me say just one word, your reverence. I am—"

"I know what you mean to say. You are usually as meek as a lamb, and only impetuous at certain times; but to go so far as to beat your wife!"

"You have mistaken the person, reverend Sir; I have never beaten my wife—"

"How! do you deny it?—fie!"

"Because," continued the man, "I am not married!"

"Why, your wife is at this moment waiting in the next room!"

"Who? my wife? Your reverence is mistaken. I have no wife. That woman is your own housekeeper; she came to me with a commission from you to bring a service of silver for your inspection."

The Pastor began to feel uneasy. "She must be a mad-woman," said he—

"Or a thief!" exclaimed the goldsmith.

They went hastily into the next room—but it was empty! The woman had disappeared with the chest of silver, and all the efforts of the police to recover it were in vain.

This incident is calculated to give rise to many weighty considerations. The trick was so well devised and planned that it would have succeeded with the most prudent and circumspect. The goldsmith left the silver in the outer room under the charge of the supposed housekeeper, at the express desire of the Pastor; while the latter confided it to the keeping of the *soi-disant* wife of the former. Had the matter been brought under litigation whose would have been the loss? Fortunately the good Pastor had no thought of such an alternative. He felt compassion for the poor man, who gained a precarious living by his labor; and as he, on the contrary, was rich enough to bear the injury, he bore it alone.

THE HUSKING.

The room is lofty, large, and wide
  Where we are met to husk the ears,
And heaped in rows on either side
  The yellow ripened corn appears.
The steady lamplight softly falls
  On graceful forms and faces bright,
On cheeks where burns the roses red,
  And eyes which do outshine the light.

The fairest maidens here are met
  In all the neighboring country round,
No handsomer eyes of deepest jet,
  Of brown or blue, elsewhere are found.
A lovelier girl than Mattie Price
  Throughout the land you will not meet;
No statelier form than Alice May's
  In all the city's crowded street.

There's Maggie Gray with golden hair,
  She never was without a beau;
What stronger proof that she is fair
  Than all the lads admire her so!
And Stella Vain with hair as dark
  As are the shadows in her eyes,
And lips whose perfect shape seems formed
  To utter Love's expressive sighs.

With giddy mirth the rafters ring,
  The room resounds with shout and laugh,
Sometimes a merry song we sing,
  The sparkling cider, too, we quaff,
And deftly strip the golden ears,
  While speed the winged hours along,
We heed not time, so swiftly flies
  The Autumn night with cheer and song.

One ear I find whose polished grains
  Are tinted red instead of gold;
The envied now of all the swains,
  Aloft the looked-for prize I hold.
Then from each maid I claim the boon,
  And last of all from Mattie Price;
I twine my arms about her waist,
  And kiss her lips once, twice, and thrice.

Oh, Mattie Price, a time will come,
  Although just now you may say "No,"
When I shall fold you to my heart,
  Never again to let you go—
Never again as Mattie Price!
  For you shall find sweet comfort there:
Already blooms the orange flower
  Which you shall twine within your hair.

THE ENGLISH EMBASSADOR.

New York is celebrated for its gangs of burglars, Paris for its pickpockets, St. Petersburg for its thieves, and London for all the three. St. Petersburg bears away the palm for comparative security from such depredations, but let it not be thought that this great city is deficient in brilliant examples of that talent which is displayed in the ingenious appropriation of other people's property.

An English embassador, some years ago, doubted the existence of this peculiar class of operators, and made a singular wager with a Russian prince upon the subject. The latter bet him a large sum of money that he should be robbed of all the orders on his breast, in the day-time, in the open street, without his perceiving it; and all that was required from him was that he should walk for three days, between the hours of twelve and one, adorned with all his decorations.

Thus warned, and resolved to avoid all suspicious contact, the nobleman commenced his promenade. Soon after setting out a laborer placed himself in his path and pointed upward to a roof, from which depended a slate tied to a string, as a sign that workmen were engaged above; and as my lord followed the gesture with his eye the man made an awkward attempt to approach him. The thought suddenly flashed upon the Embassador that this was a disguised thief, and as he hastily retreated he read plainly the disappointment of detection in the other's face. Soon after, as he was still laughing at this adventure, he was importuned by some beggar children, and just as he was giving them some coins a drunken man nearly fell upon him; but he was upon his guard and stepped quickly aside, upon which the inebriate staggered off, but soon recovered his natural and steady gait.

"Aha!" thought the Englishman; "so much for the second attempt!"

Some paces further on he saw a large crowd of people, in the midst of whom the driver of a drosky was disputing with a gentleman about a trifling difference in the fare. As he was forcing his way through the throng the latter, still venting his expletives upon the extortioner, attempted, as if by accident, to come close to him, but he thrust the stranger aside with the exclamation, "Number three!" Just then the clock struck one, his ordeal for the day was over, and he reached home safely with all his orders.

In the evening he met the Prince at the English Club, and as he laughingly related the unskillful attempts which had been made upon him, he perceived that the former was evidently embarrassed and even vexed.

"Let us see what the morrow will bring forth!" said he, as he rose to leave the house.

"I see, my lord, that it will be a difficult matter to take advantage of you," said his friend, with a serious air.

The next day he was followed and surrounded by all sorts of people. Some slunk behind him, others met him and then, suddenly turning, passed close to him. One suspicious-looking person offered him a fine handkerchief and asked politely if he had not lost it. A handsome, fair-complexioned young man urgently pressed upon his notice some remarkable English publications, which he entreated him to purchase. The Embassador was passionately fond of rare books, and fell into an ecstasy over the beautiful specimens before him; but suddenly he bethought himself of his wager, and turned away from the tempter with a smile. As he was passing a garden house a window was broken near him, and he saw a boy in imminent danger of falling out. As he was about to rush to his rescue he suddenly perceived a string (skillfully concealed behind the curtain) which was tied to the little traitor's foot, and he quickly avoided the crowd, who had gathered upon hearing the child's screams, and who would evidently have taken advantage of the opportunity.

"It was a very ingenious device!" said he, that evening, to the Prince, "and quite appropriate, for the boy was so strikingly like my own son in England that I came very near forgetting myself."

"I confess myself beaten," said his adversary, in a low voice. "My accomplices have played their last trump. They have speculated in vain upon your well-known hobby of rare books, upon your paternal tenderness. They have failed, and I will pay you the bet at once."

"By no means!" answered the Englishman. "The terms have not yet been complied with. I can not consider the wager as regularly won until I have walked once more through the streets."

On the third day he commenced his last trial; but this time he met not one single suspicious countenance. He continued his walk quietly and uninjured for an hour, and had nearly reached his own residence, when a large ladder wagon, loaded with household furniture, came lumbering out of the "porte cochère" of his neighbor, a distinguished Polish Count. The wind was high, and a bolster was so open-hearted as to shed some of its contents upon the pedestrian; upon which two liveried servants, who were standing in the doorway, immediately offered their services to brush the feathers from his dress.

"Is your master at home?" asked he.

"He is, Sir," answered they, as they proceeded with the cleansing process.

"Then I will go up!"

As he entered he found the room filled with company, among others the Russian Prince, who advanced to meet him.

"What! without your orders!" exclaimed the latter, laughing.

The Englishman looked down, and rushed impetuously to a looking-glass.

"Damn it! I have lost. They are gone! But who, how, where? Not a soul has touched me except the Count's liveried servants!"

"I have no liveried servants!" said the Count. "Do not distress yourself, my lord! They were my worthy thieves."

"With all due deference for their talent," replied the Embassador, "I must say that you managed less adroitly in the beginning, for your friends of yesterday and the day before were mere bunglers!"

"How unjust!" exclaimed the Prince. "They had strict orders to be as awkward as possible, in order to throw you off your guard, my lord!"

"I have learned a lesson," said the Embassador. "Here is your money, and I promise you that henceforth I shall hold in respectful admiration the thieves of St. Petersburg!"

"BUT IS IT RIGHT, FATHER?"

In a pleasant suburb on the Surrey side of London there lived a married couple, whose early life had been passed in a very busy district of the borough of Southwark. They were fruiterers, and had from year to year carried on their business without ever thinking of the claims of the Sabbath. One great trouble had clouded their lives. Out of a large family only one child had survived beyond the first two years, and little Annie would most probably have laid beside her little brothers and sisters in Norwood Cemetery, but that she had been sent down to the coast of Sussex, to an aunt who lived there, and who not only had to rejoice over seeing the little sickly blossom consigned to her care grow into a blooming, active, happy child, but was successful in teaching her little charge some Divine truths, that, when received into the mind, fill it with heavenly light. Annie was, both in body and soul, a healthy child. The parents naturally pined after their darling, who was likely now to be their only treasure. Mr. Richards, the father, took a house a few miles from London, and, having established his wife there, brought his little girl, now seven years old, home to be the joy as well as treasure of the dwelling. On the very first Sunday after the child's return, she came down stairs dressed in her best, thinking that her father was going to take her with him, as her aunt had done, to church. He kissed her kindly, and, to her surprise, was going away.

"Where are you going, father?" said the child.

"Oh, I'm going to business, child."

"But it's Sunday, father."

"Yes—yes—I know that, my dear, but I'm obliged to go. I'm very sorry, but I must—now don't cry; I'll be home early, my child."

"But is it right, father?" sobbed little Annie. "Is it right? Is it *right*, father?"

"Is what right?"

"Why, going to work on Sunday, father?"

"Right—I don't know. It's very hard, that I know; but I must go—I must go."

He kissed his little girl's wet cheek fondly, and with an uncomfortable feeling that he had never felt before, he set off toward the city.

"Is it right, father?" The words kept ringing in his ears. He could not silence them. He felt that if he had told his child yes, he would have uttered a lie—taught his innocent child a most wicked lesson. No, it was not right. Was he then to keep on doing wrong, when even his little child had, by her question, convicted him?

Was he?

For hours that day these thoughts troubled him—the words, "Is it right, father!" vibrated through him, until he was brought to say, "No, it is not right, and, God helping me, I'll give up Sabbath trading—I *will*."

He got home that evening in time to hear little Annie say her evening prayers: "Make me a good girl." "Ah, child," said Mr. Richards, interrupting her, "say, also, 'Make father a good man.'" The simple words were uttered; the loving kiss given; it was the father's turn now to wipe away the tears from his eyes. He kept his resolution. From that day he closed his shop on Sundays.

"We shall have to leave our new little country dwelling," said his timid wife. No, they had not. They prospered more than ever from that time forth.

"I like to deal with a tradesman that keeps the Sabbath," said the most respectable people of the district where the shop was, "for if he won't cheat his own conscience he won't cheat me." And he still lives to testify, as he has often done, "My little girl turned me from Sabbath-breaking when she said:

'*But is it right, father?*'"

WIDOWS.

It can not be denied that of human afflictions the loss of a husband is one of the most severe and keenly felt. Considerations which may soften the shock of death in other cases have no weight in this. Widowhood is a trial, all the crushing force of which is felt at the first.

But is the loss irreparable? Can not the torn-down vine find other props? If such a loss befalls one late in life, it must have been more or less foreseen and expected, and the hope of a happy reunion before long assuages the grief of separation. In the case of one who becomes a widow at an earlier period of life, it may be that she finds an alleviation of her sorrow in the discharge of other duties—to her children, if there be any who need her care, or to the poor and suffering. But if her grief takes the form of morbid brooding over her loss, one of two things usually happens. She either allows her woe so entirely to overmaster and absorb her that only in its indulgence (by a sort of contradiction not uncommon in human nature, especially woman's) can she find any comfort; or, on the other hand, by an unconscious sort of analysis of the elements of her grief, and a perhaps equally unconscious ratiocinative process touching the means of cure, she decides upon taking another husband.

And this is the most rational remedy under the circumstances. For if the lamented Mr. Brown had been a very good husband—as the widow's grief would seem to testify—the acceptance of Mr. Smith is a compliment to his memory, plainly implying, as it does, a desire to renew and perpetuate the happiness enjoyed in the former union. If, on the contrary, Mr. Brown had been a bad husband (an idea which his widow's grief does not by any means exclude), what more reasonable than to seek, in a marriage with Mr. Smith, that happiness which a first unlucky choice had made her lose? If (in a third hypothesis) the said Brown was of the undecided character of Mother Goose's son Jack, "not very good nor yet very bad," it is evidently merely *as* a husband that the widow bewails him, and there can not be much difficulty in finding a successor.

We have said that this is the rational remedy. What (to take some examples from our modern literature) can be more absurd than the conduct of

Amelia in "Vanity Fair," wearing out her days in sorrow over the death of a heartless coxcomb, while she rejects the homage and devotion of the true-hearted Dobbin? Mr. Lover's argumentative Irishman, in expostulating with his "Widow Machree," very cleverly represents to her the unbecomingness of her widow's cap, and the solitary plight of her single tea-cup, in contrast with the harmonious relations of the poker and tongs upon the hearth; and by such logic as this carries his suit to a successful issue.

The famous case of the Ephesian widow can scarcely be given as an example worthy of imitation without slight *modifications!* but the story may be *apropos* to our subject: Once upon a time a worthy lady at Ephesus had the misfortune to lose her husband—so good a husband that nothing could console her for his loss. Every day she went to the vault where his remains were deposited, there to strew his coffin with flowers, and to pour out her sorrow in tears and lamentations. One day these sounds of woe attracted the notice of a soldier who had been posted near the gate of the vault to guard the dead body of a malefactor. Lured by curiosity from his post, the sight that met the man's inquiring eyes excited other feelings. To ask the cause of so much grief, to proffer his manly sympathy, was the impulse of a moment; to find that sympathy accepted took a little more time. Finally, however, it was not rejected; and the time passed quickly by, until at length the recollection of his duty recalled the sentinel to his abandoned post. But what was his consternation to find that, in his absence, the body he had been set to guard had been stolen away! Here was a catastrophe! The soldier's life would pay forfeit for his negligence. He returned to the widow and told her of the disaster. It was a trying emergency, but woman's wit was equal to it. The corpse she had been crying over took the place of the malefactor's; and a living husband, in the person of her military comforter, was substituted for the husband she had lost.

When a widow has satisfied herself of the necessity and probable efficacy of the remedy we have been speaking of, it is wonderful how soon she succeeds in finding it. Mr. Tony Weller's apprehensiveness on the subject of "widders" is justified by observation and experience. There are numerous instances—which it would be invidious to particularize—where leading public and business men, who certainly can not be considered undesirable husbands, have offered the needed consolation in such a predicament. Abstractedly, too—though the theory may not apply to every case—the matter is intelligible enough. A man who is actively engaged in public life can not spare time for the protracted process of wooing which inexperienced young ladies consider indispensable. In such a case the experienced widow offers a safe resource. A certain amount of diplomatic caution is necessary, perhaps, but ordinarily the parties are ready to meet each other half-way. Sometimes the lady does not hesitate to pass a small fraction of even that interval, and an understanding of the most cordial character is the speedy and satisfactory result.

"The ladies of our household indorse it as unrivaled."—BURNETT'S Cocoaine for the Hair, and Flavoring Extracts for Cooking purposes.—*Home Journal.*

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